

# The Nation and The Athenæum

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## EVENTS OF THE WEEK

IT is seldom that the individual elector can persuade himself that it will make any real difference how he votes; but, in the Abbey by-election, the transference of thirty Conservative votes to Mr. Churchill might well have altered the course of British politics. If Mr. Churchill had been returned, he would have at once become a competitor for the effective leadership of the Conservative Party, and the mere fact of this competition would have gone far to alter the attitude of *complaisance* which that Party has so far maintained towards the Government. Mr. Baldwin is too sensible to be in the least perturbed by the spectacle of Labour in office, and too honest to pretend that he is. His chief emotion is obviously one of enjoyment of the comedy of the situation; and he has gone so far as to avow the hope that Labour will remain in office long enough to enable the sobering effects of responsibility to saturate the whole party. But in this as in some other matters, Mr. Baldwin is closer to the Liberal than to the Tory spirit, and many of his followers would find more congenial Mr. Churchill's familiar thesis that Labour, however moderate, is none the less a menace, if not as Lenins in disguise, then as the Kerenskys who will pave the way for the Lenins.

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If Mr. Churchill were in a position to raise this banner in the House of Commons, it is certain that a large number of Conservative members would rally to it, and the official Conservative leaders would have to try to stop the rot by taking a more definitely anti-Government attitude. If they made up their minds to destroy the Government they would almost certainly succeed in doing so; for it survives at present because *neither* of the other parties is really anxious to turn it out. Mr. Churchill's return, moreover, would not have been without some effect on the position of Mr. Lloyd George, and the rest of the Coalition Liberals, some of whom actively supported his campaign. Mr. Lloyd George has displayed a lack of interest in the proceedings of the present House of Commons, so conspicuous as to suggest that he is not anxious to identify himself too closely with the Liberal Party. He may possibly calculate that experience of the three-party system will soon wear down anti-Coalition prejudice; and Mr. Churchill might have come in very

usefully to fly kites in this direction from a frankly independent position. Mr. Churchill's defeat necessarily postpones any such developments.

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Conditions in the Palatinate show some improvement, though they are still far from normal. In some towns order has been restored; in others, notably Pirnsens, Landau, and Ludwigshafen, the public is again being victimized by gangs of hooligans. At Ludwigshafen the situation is complicated by serious labour troubles, which the Separatists, under a leader named Kunz, and now disguised as the "Rhenish Workers' Party," are doing their best to foment. The German officials, with the exception of those expelled by the Rhineland Commission itself, have been allowed to return, but the constitutional position remains obscure. The Kreistag Committee has tendered its resignation to the Inter-Allied Sub-Commission of Three, which returned to the Palatinate on March 8th for a second visit of inquiry. The Committee is unwilling to remain any longer in a position which may play into the hands of the "Autonomists." What the next step will be is not clear. The British contention is that there should be a speedy restoration of the sovereignty of Bavaria and the Reich as guaranteed by the Rhineland Agreement. This, it is already clear, will be strongly opposed by the French High Commissioner at Coblenz and General de Metz at Speyer; and it is certain that unless the British Government bestirs itself actively, their opposition will, by one device or another, be made effective. The latest development of the Palatinate question yields one more example of the clumsiness of London in its dealings with Paris and Coblenz. A main purpose of the second visit of the Inter-Allied Sub-Commission to the Palatinate being to inquire into the manner in which the amnesty conceded under the Agreement of February 16th was being carried out, London appears, nevertheless, through a "misunderstanding," to have concurred in the imposition by the French High Commissioner of a veto on any inquiry into the arrests by the French authorities of Germans who had opposed the Separatists. Needless to say, where the latter are concerned the amnesty has been scrupulously carried out. The cynical nature of the French High Commissioner's action is patent, and it

is to be hoped that the British authorities' concurrence in it will not be allowed to escape the notice of the House.

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The truth is that while it is pleasant to note that the writing of cordial letters by Mr. MacDonald has certainly created a less hostile attitude in France towards this country, it must not be forgotten that the recent tension was not due to anything offensive in our policy, but to the fact that we objected—and ought still to object strenuously—to the vindictive and disastrous course which France has pursued, and is pursuing, in battering down a defeated enemy. It is natural that Mr. MacDonald should await the Reports of the Expert Committees before taking further steps on the major issues, and it is wise to occupy the interval in cultivating friendly personal relations with the French Premier; but it would be foolishly optimistic to expect that the experts will carry us more than a very little way along the road towards a settlement, and meanwhile France is sitting tight on the richest parts of German territory, and has abated nothing of her monstrous claims. It will not help us to the ultimate attainment of a tolerable solution if we allow these facts to slip out of mind.

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M. Poincaré, after seeing the majority in his favour in the Senate drop to 13, has got the whole of his finance proposals past the Luxembourg as he got them past the Palais Bourbon. How they will work out in practice, and whether all of them will ever be enforced at all, is doubtful. The franc, affected less by the decisions of French legislators than by the co-operation of British and American bankers, has oscillated violently back from 120 to little over 80, a movement which brings with it disadvantages as well as benefits. But, on the whole, it is good for the Government, and M. Poincaré has nothing to think about now but the experts' reports and the elections. The experts have evidently encountered difficulties, and the issue of their report is delayed beyond the date expected. There is thus small probability of action being taken on it before the French electors declare themselves, which is now to be on May 11th or 18th. The postponement of the elections is in one respect unfortunate, in that they will now follow, not precede, the polling in Germany, and as the Right in Germany seems bound to strengthen its position substantially, the reaction may seriously injure the prospects of the Left in France. A Nationalist challenge on one side of the Rhine may stimulate a Nationalist response on the other. But election issues in France are confused, and it is still uncertain how far Socialists and Radicals will combine to form a single *bloc*. If they fail to do that, it may be taken as certain that a Poincaré coalition, under whatever name, will command the situation.

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Considerable stir has been created in Germany by the publication in the "Berliner Tageblatt" of what purports to be a set of secret clauses subsidiary to the recent Franco-Czech Treaty, together with certain secret agreements contracted between the two countries at an earlier date. The alleged agreements deal mainly with the assistance the two countries would lend each other in the event of war between either of them and Germany, and the support they would give Poland should she be the object of a German attack. Forged documents are, of course, common enough, and no particular importance has been attached to these so-called revelations anywhere but in Germany itself, where they have a certain political value in view of the coming elections. Denials have naturally been issued both in Prague and

in Paris, as no doubt they would be whether the documents were genuine or not. But on the face of it there is no ground at all for supposing them to be anything but a calculated forgery. The policy of Czechoslovakia in particular has been clearly defined of late. It consists in avoiding so far as possible any entangling engagements except those between the three Little Entente Powers, and the recent treaty with France was notoriously far more non-committal than French politicians desired. Neither is there any love lost between Czechoslovakia and Poland, and nothing would be more improbable than that the Government of President Masaryk and Dr. Benes would commit themselves in advance to the support of Poland by armed force.

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The Indian Swarajists, supported in the Legislative Assembly by the Independents, have succeeded in rejecting the Budget by 60 votes to 57. That created a situation in which there was only one course to be taken, and Lord Reading has immediately "certified" the proposed taxes, which will therefore take effect at once (with or without the concurrence of the Council of State) as though they had been duly approved by the Assembly. There is, however, one substantial difference, which the wreckers in the Assembly had apparently not foreseen. The procedure followed was the introduction of a truncated Budget, containing not the whole of the financial provisions of its predecessor, some of which were primarily designed to produce revenue for the financial relief of the provinces, but only such measures of taxation as the Viceroy held necessary for the "safety, tranquillity, and interests of British India." Leave to introduce this Bill having been refused by the Swarajists, certification followed immediately. The result is likely to be an unlooked-for reaction on the part of the provinces against the Swaraj victory, and within the provinces themselves the Swarajists have placed themselves in another unexpected difficulty. Lord Lytton, for example, in Bengal, has pointed out that the rejection of the provincial Budget will mean that in the case of the reserved subjects no change will be made, but that in the case of the subjects transferred to Indian Ministers themselves all supplies will be cut off except so far as the Governor may be able and disposed to authorize limited expenditure for the purpose. It is, therefore, Indian administration, not British administration, that will be crippled by the Swaraj tactics. The situation is unfortunate and serious, but the course before the Government is clear. If the Swarajists insist on holding up the reform movement, they can hold it up, and India's advance to self-government will be by so much impeded. Meanwhile, India must be governed by Great Britain for the good of the Indian people.

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The State opening of Parliament in Egypt inaugurates a new era in the long and strangely chequered history of that remarkable country. Nothing took place to mar the dignity of the occasion, and a good deal of cordiality seems to have been displayed towards Lord Allenby as well as towards King Fuad and Zaghloul Pasha. The complimentary telegrams exchanged between Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Zaghloul Pasha have perhaps a little more solid value than is common with such messages. Mr. MacDonald's hope that Egypt and Great Britain may be associated in a close and friendly relationship expresses a sentiment generally held in this country, and there is nothing in the questions still outstanding between Great Britain and Egypt seriously to impede the realization of that hope. The chief difficulty will, no doubt, be the Soudan, in regard to which King

Fuad, in his speech from the throne, declared that it was the aim of Egypt "to realize its national aspirations." The speech expressed at the same time the hope of Egypt's entry into the League of Nations as an independent State. There is clearly nothing to prevent that and very much to recommend it. In Egypt, as in India, everything will depend on whether the moderates, among whom Zaghloul must be counted now that he has assumed the responsibilities of office, can hold their own against the extremists. Already the Prime Minister is said to have threatened resignation as a protest against attempts to amend the King's speech from the Nationalist side. If he holds firm and maintains sufficient Parliamentary support to enable him to negotiate freely with the British Government, the four outstanding questions should be liquidated without any serious friction.

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The Irish Free State Government is grappling with a mutiny among the officers of its army under circumstances which will increase the sense of relief in England that the internal affairs of Ireland are no longer our business. The trouble has arisen out of a reorganization scheme for the Free State Army, by which a number of well-known officers have been demobilized. Two of these, Major-General Liam Tobin and Colonel Dalton, wrote a letter to Mr. Cosgrave accusing the Government of failure to interpret the Anglo-Irish Treaty in the right Irish spirit. The Government's reply was a prompt order for the arrest of the writers. But this order was not easy to obey, for Liam Tobin was one of Michael Collins's most trusted lieutenants, and was never captured, though a high price was offered for his arrest. On March 18th a party of Free State troops raided a public-house in Dublin and captured ten officers who had left their posts; others, however, including, it is believed, General Tobin and Colonel Dalton, escaped by one of Michael Collins's secret ways. An unexpected sequel to this raid was the demand of the Government for the resignations of the Chief of Staff, the Adjutant-General, the Quartermaster-General, and the Minister of Defence on the ground that the raid had been ordered without the knowledge or authority either of the Executive Council or of the newly appointed General Officer Commanding, General O'Duffy. In announcing this decision in the Dáil, Mr. Kevin O'Higgins added that there were other reasons influencing the Government; but there, for the moment, the story ends.

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The Minister of Mines is making a desperate effort to settle the coal crisis by industrial negotiation, and so avoid the very awkward situation which has been created by the appeal of the Miners' Federation to the Government for a settlement of the minimum wage problem by Parliamentary action. Doubtless the Prime Minister could not deny the miners their opportunity without wrecking his party, and in view of the pressing necessity for taking private members' time, his promise of a Government measure may have been the only feasible solution of his political difficulty. But it is one thing for Parliament to establish a principle and leave its application to district settlement, as was done in the 1912 Minimum Wage Act, and quite another thing for Parliament to insist on a particular wage which the employers declare themselves unable to pay, offering an inquiry to establish their contention (an inquiry which would be unacceptable to the miners unless it included the whole problem of reorganizing the industry, thus amounting to a repetition of the Sankey Commission). Apart from the real danger that an Act fixing a minimum

substantially higher than the employers' offer would close down a large number of pits, if not whole districts, there are the gravest objections to legislation of this kind. Moreover, such a measure would stand small chance of passing in the present Parliament. Mr. MacDonald's promise can thus only serve to make ordinary negotiations more difficult, by encouraging the illusion that Parliament will settle the matter, if the parties fail to agree.

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The Minister of Labour is equally busy in a last-minute attempt to settle the dispute over the increased wages claim of the London Tramwaymen. There can be little doubt that considerable blame rests on the employers' side of the Joint Industrial Council; for the mere fact of the great discrepancy between the wages of tramway and omnibus men certainly warranted careful investigation before negotiations became overshadowed by the strike threat which the men have used to bring things to a head. The whole relative financial position of electric and motor street transport in fact requires examination, and the exercise of force will not in this case produce ultimate results so satisfactory or so effective as that of reason. The prospects of a settlement cannot be considered bright, and once more the public is likely to suffer through the failure to realize that industrial negotiations must be thorough, and must therefore be begun early and in earnest.

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Though it will not inconvenience individuals directly, the loss to the community as a whole from a national lock-out in the shipbuilding industry by which we are now threatened would be far greater than that occasioned by a London 'Bus and Tram strike. The Federation of Trades has tried in vain to bring the policy of the Southampton strikers within the agreed procedure for matters in dispute, and it is doubtful whether the authority of the Federation will really be strengthened by the prospective lock-out. The Southampton men seem certainly to have a strong claim that their rates should be levelled up to those current in other large centres, but they have adopted a wrong policy in combining this demand with an attempt to forestall on a local basis the negotiations which had been begun for a national advance. It seems likely that the Federation will break up. The chaos which would result might lead ultimately to that reconstitution which has been so desirable since the revolt of the Boilermakers last summer.

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Most of the indices of trade activity and employment continue to show a steady improvement. We give below some of the more important figures:—

	1st Quarter,			
	1913	1923	1924	1924
	(M <sup>thly</sup>	(M <sup>thly</sup>	Jan.,	Feb.,
<i>Unemployment.</i>				
Trade Union Percentage				
All Trades	...	2.1	13.0	8.9
Excluding Engineering and Shipbuilding	...	2.0	7.2	5.1
<i>Output.</i>				
Coal (Millions of Tons)	...	22.1	22.0	21.6
Pig-Iron (Thousands of Tons)	789	542	575	592
Steel (Thousands of Tons)	590	672	611	734
<i>Foreign Trade.</i>				
Imports (£ Millions)	...	64	91	101
Exports (£ Millions)	...	44	62	64
<i>Prices.</i>				
Wholesale (Board of Trade)	100	158	165	167
Cost of Living	100	176	179	178

The trade union unemployment percentage is the lowest since February, 1921.

## THE SINGAPORE DECISION.

THE Government's decision not to proceed with the development of the Singapore base will be approved, almost unanimously, by their own supporters and by Liberals. It must, nevertheless, have required some courage, for the scheme was strongly backed by the Government's expert advisers, it had been approved by the Imperial Conference, and its rejection will raise a storm of protest in Australia. It is true that, while in opposition, members of the present Government had strongly criticized the proposed expenditure; but the responsibilities of office have already affected their attitude to questions of defence, and the present decision will expose them to a charge of inconsistency both from those who approved and those who opposed their action with regard to the Air Force and the light cruisers. It is worth while, therefore, to examine the question of Singapore in the light of the Government's declared policy on defence problems as a whole.

That policy, as defined by Mr. MacDonald, is to consider all questions of defence in close connection with the problem of improved international relations; to seek every opportunity for promoting agreed limitation of armaments; but meanwhile, to maintain a reasonable standard of defensive strength.

The increase in the Air Force seems to us absolutely consistent with these principles. It does not start a new competition in armaments, for it falls short even of a one-power standard. It will provide, at most, a force sufficient to act as a deterrent against wanton aggression, and the provision of such a force is no ill service either to the peace of Europe or to the prospect of an agreed limitation of air armaments. As regards the new light cruisers, the Government weakened their case by introducing the issue of unemployment, but whether the real arguments of the Admiralty be strong or weak, these cruisers cannot, in view of building programmes abroad, be regarded as a provocative threat to any particular Power. The question of Singapore stands, to our mind, on an entirely different footing. The scheme has been attacked and defended on so many different grounds that the main issue has become obscured. That issue is one of policy.

It has been argued that expenditure on a base for capital ships is waste of money because capital ships are obsolete. We do not share that view; but the real objections to the scheme remain just as cogent, however high the value of the capital ship be placed. Again, it is urged both that the position of the proposed base is unsuitable, because of its unhealthiness, and that the proposed expenditure is unnecessary, because Singapore could be used as a base for a battle squadron with little addition to the existing works. These are good reasons for hesitating to undertake heavy financial commitments; but the disproof of these assertions would leave our main argument unshaken. To clear the issue we must ask for what reason a base for capital ships at Singapore is desired. It has recently been suggested by a writer in the "Times" that, in the event of a war in the Pacific in which Great Britain was neutral, the presence of a battle squadron, based on Singapore, would be needed to protect British commerce from undue interference. We do not think this argument carries much weight. In any such war, the importance to both belligerents of keeping Great Britain as a friendly neutral would be great. Considerations of finance, of tonnage, and of supply—even apart from the danger of provoking an open breach—would act as a strong restraining influence, irrespective of the exact strength of our forces in Eastern waters. The same writer argued that the

ravages of the "Wolf" and the "Emden" proved such a base to be necessary in war for the defence of our commerce against sporadic attack. This can only be characterized as stark nonsense. No degree of naval superiority has ever given complete immunity against the losses inflicted by raiders; but the problem of hunting down elusive raiders has nothing to do with capital-ship bases. Ample light-cruiser bases were available, and the "Emden" was, in fact, brought to book after seven weeks' active operations. The "Wolf" made good her escape; but neither the "Wolf" nor the "Emden" caused anything like the damage frequently inflicted in a single month by submarines and mine-layers acting within easy reach of our naval bases in Home Waters. It is not, indeed, necessary to take very seriously this writer's deductions from the war, since he states that the "Moewe" operated mainly in the Pacific, and that "twenty-two ships, most of them carrying meat for England, were sunk off the New Zealand coast"; whereas the "Moewe" operated exclusively in the Atlantic, and no ships were sunk "off the New Zealand coast" except two victims of the "Wolf's" mines.

The one contingency that would render a base for capital ships at Singapore important is our engaging in a war the main theatre of which was the Western Pacific. "From the West," says the "Times" writer, "Singapore is the gateway to the Pacific." That is what, as the original debate clearly proved, the advocates of the scheme have in mind, and though stress is laid on the fact that the base is required for purely defensive purposes, the methods of naval warfare—a struggle for the control of communications—allow of no clear differentiation between defence and attack.

The proposal, therefore, is concerned not with a general measure of naval defence, but with open preparation for war in a particular theatre, and, in the eyes of some of its supporters, against a particular Power with whom we happen to be on exceptionally friendly terms. There has been much talk of rendering the Fleet mobile, and Lord Balfour, the ablest advocate of the scheme, has urged that the proposed expenditure would render the Navy "effective for purposes all over the world where the Empire might require it"; but if we follow Lord Balfour's advice and use a large map, it will be clear that, to render our battle squadrons completely mobile, in all parts of the world, and for all conceivable contingencies, not Singapore alone, but a great programme of base-development would be required. Such a programme would be enormously expensive; but it would, at least, be less invidious than the present scheme. Critics of the proposal have done their cause ill service by asserting that it is a breach, in principle, of the Washington Agreement. It is not, as Mr. MacDonald fully admitted in the House of Commons last Tuesday, and in proving that our right to develop Singapore was implicitly recognized, the advocates of the scheme have been able to divert attention from the real bearing of Washington on the question. The two relevant facts are that the Washington Conference disposed of the majority of the questions likely to cause trouble in the Pacific, and that the armament and base conventions were clearly designed to diminish as much as possible the risk of such a conflict. The good relations thus established have been confirmed by the manner in which Japan has carried out her treaty obligations, and it may be added that, while the earthquake has not greatly weakened Japan's naval strength, the consequent financial stringency is likely to incline her more and more to a policy of peace and retrenchment.

The vital issue of Singapore is whether we have sufficient faith in the policy which inspired the Washington Treaties to risk something on the permanence of this new atmosphere in the Pacific. If we have, the Conference may prove to be the first step in a new development in world history—the only development which, in the long run, can save civilization from destruction. If we have not, we must demand not merely the construction of a capital-ship base at Singapore, but ultimately the permanent stationing of a battle fleet in those waters, and the provision of an extended programme of large light cruisers suited to the conditions of Pacific warfare. In that event our pessimism as to the continuance of present relations is likely to be fully justified. It is clear at least that the Government could not have answered the question otherwise than they did, without throwing over their whole policy in foreign affairs, and that they are entitled to whole-hearted Liberal support in the decision they have made.

### THE LEAGUE'S CABINET.

GENEVA.

MARCH can often be perfect in its way at Geneva. So it was during the session of the League of Nations Council last week. So it was in particular on the Friday afternoon on which the Council assembled to attempt a settlement of the Memel dispute, which had kept antagonism active in one of the danger zones on the border of Russia ever since the days of the Paris Peace Conference. The scene in the large committee room off the hall of the Secretariat struck its impression deep on those who witnessed it. Through the windows, beyond the green of the conifers in the garden, the lake gleamed blue, and beyond it again the last sunlight touched the northern slopes of the Voirons and the Salève. Round the table sat the ten members of the Council, presided over (very capably) by the representative of Uruguay, and among them three seats were placed for the Prime Minister of Lithuania; Mr. Norman Davis, a former Acting Secretary of State in President Wilson's Administration; and M. Skirmunt, the delegate of Poland, for though Poland was not a recognized party to the dispute she was directly interested in it.

This was the closing act. Two days before, the report of the League's Commission which, under the chairmanship of Mr. Norman Davis, had drafted the scheme of settlement, had been presented, and the delegate of Poland had taken strong objection to it on the ground that it granted his country none of the special privileges it claimed. Now M. Galvanauskas, who had hurried back to Kovno to consult his colleagues, was at the table to give Lithuania's answer as to whether she would refuse to accept the League's plan of settlement, as she refused to accept that drafted by the Council of Ambassadors some months before. The convention was before the Council. The representatives of the four Allied Powers who were parties to it on the one hand had duly considered it by themselves. Now Lord Parmoor, for Great Britain, put a question to Mr. Davis as to the interpretation of a certain clause. Mr. Davis explained. Lord Parmoor turned to the Lithuanian Premier. Did he accept that interpretation? M. Galvanauskas replied that he did. Lord Parmoor persisted. Would M. Galvanauskas be willing to exchange letters with the Allies setting this interpretation and his acceptance of it on record? M. Galvanauskas demurred. If he did that there were other points on which he on his side would like to

exchange letters. A little further discussion and the matter was dropped, on the assurance of all concerned that they regarded the entry in the Council minutes of M. Galvanauskas's verbal assent as binding.

One or two more questions and then the Lithuanian Prime Minister proceeded to read the decisive statement. It was lengthy, and only in the last minute of his speech did M. Galvanauskas reach the vital words "the Lithuanian delegation has the honour to state that it accepts the draft convention and its annexes and is ready to sign these texts." Then M. Skirmunt for Poland. M. Skirmunt could not accept the convention, for none of Poland's claims had been met. He could only refer it to his Government. That did not, in point of fact, affect the settlement, for Poland is not a party to the convention, which gives her general transit rights, covering all the facilities she can reasonably ask. The chairman turned left to Lord Parmoor. "In the name of the British Government I accept," declared the British delegate. The chairman turned right to M. Hanotaux. "Au nom du gouvernement français j'accepte," declared the French delegate. The Italian and the Japanese delegates followed in French with like declarations, and—after an instructive little display of "open diplomacy"—the Memel dispute was a thing of the past. The next afternoon—at Geneva, not at Paris—the convention was formally signed by the Lithuanian and British representatives.

That picture is worth thus sketching in outline, for the Memel settlement is as clean a piece of work as the League has ever put through. Many morals could be drawn from it, the chief of them obviously the superiority of the League over the Conference of Ambassadors, with its political methods and political interests, as an instrument for the settlement of differences. Equally important is the moral as to procedure. The League might, as in the case of Upper Silesia, have appointed certain members of its Council to deal with the matter in the first instance. Instead, it followed the sound plan of removing the whole question from the sphere of political influences by entrusting the task of settlement to a commission consisting of a distinguished American, advised by two colleagues who were transit experts pure and simple with no interests in the political aspects of the question. The result was a conspicuous success. No one questioned Lithuania's rights to sovereignty over Memel, or Memel's right to autonomy under Lithuanian sovereignty. What was in controversy was other people's right, particularly Poland's, of transit down the River Niemen and the use of the Port of Memel. Those rights have now been defined by the League Commission by a detailed application of the general principles laid down at the League's Barcelona and Geneva Transit Conferences. The result is an eminently workmanlike convention, which all parties to the dispute have accepted as it stands. As Mr. Norman Davis said, the settlement could have been effected by no organization but the League, and it affords the best of proofs that the League is fulfilling faithfully and effectively the purposes of its founders.

But Memel was only one incident in a particularly useful and successful Council meeting. Another was the signature of the protocols of the Hungarian Reconstruction Scheme by the three Little Entente Powers. Difficulties regarding this had prevailed to the last, and though Great Britain, France, and Italy had signed, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, and Roumania hung fire. Transference of the final discussions from Paris to Geneva, however, had the desired effect, and the last obstacle to the actual initiation of the reconstruction

scheme has now been removed. Another Geneva success following a Paris failure was the final liquidation of the Jaworzina frontier dispute between Czechoslovakia and Poland.

As usual, the Saar figured largely on the Council agenda, three questions being down for discussion. One of them, the embargo laid by the Inter-Allied High Commission on the passage of certain Saar citizens through occupied territory, had not to be dealt with after all, since the High Commission had withdrawn the embargo as the result of representations by the Saar Governing Commission, and particularly—to do him justice—its French President, M. Rault. Then there was the question of the Saar gendarmerie, which the Council wants to see developed as rapidly as possible in order to remove the last excuse for the retention of French troops in the Saar. It had been hoped to add 500 men this year, but the Canadian member of the Governing Commission, who acts as Finance Minister, represented so strongly the difficulty of meeting the cost of 500 extra men in a bad financial year that the Council reluctantly consented to a provisional reduction of the increment to 200, Lord Parmoor, however, securing the adoption of a resolution keeping the door open for a reconsideration of the question even during this financial year. The decision is open to some criticism, in view of the declaration of certain leading Saar inhabitants that the population was ready to bear the cost of the whole 500. Whether it is ready to add that charge to the extra taxation that may be needed in any case to meet a budget deficit is not quite so certain.

More important was the election of members of the Saar Commission. There was never any question of changing the French, Belgian, or Canadian members this year, but by general agreement the local Saar member and the Danish member were to be replaced. For the former post the British Government had long ago decided after due inquiry to run a certain Herr Kossmann, who was formerly member of the Reichstag for the Saar, and Herr Kossmann was elected by a unanimous vote, Lord Cecil having persuaded the French last December to agree to him. The leaders of the Saar political parties would have preferred one Herr Levacher, of Saarlouis, and criticism might have been to some extent disarmed if he had been appointed. For the remaining place the field of candidates was not as impressive as it might have been, only a Norwegian and a Spaniard being finally before the Council. The latter, who has at least the merit of speaking German fluently, was elected by 7 votes to 3.

Finally, and in some ways most satisfactory of all, the Corfu episode so far as it affected the League was closed. The outcome is that the challenge hastily directed against the League's authority has been completely blunted, first by the unanimous replies of the Special Committee of Jurists, specifically upholding the League's authority on all the questions submitted to the committee, and much more decisively by the striking declaration of complete loyalty to the League made by the Italian representative himself in the course of last week's sittings. It would be neither accurate nor politic to speak of a retreat by Italy. What is accurate is to say that Italy, and in particular Signor Mussolini, has been studying the League afresh, and has recognized its possibilities for perhaps the first time. That is considerable compensation for what happened last September. The proof of Italy's change of temper afforded by Signor Salandra's speech was among the most encouraging features of a markedly successful Council meeting.

H. WILSON HARRIS.

#### A PARIS DIARY.

(FROM A FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.)

**W**e have two Presidents. In normal times one presides and the other governs. But for the last few years both have wanted to govern. M. Poincaré, as President of the Republic, often tried to make his opinion prevail at the Councils, but the moment he put M. Clemenceau at the steering-wheel of State affairs the grey-gloved old gentleman never allowed the Head of the State to interfere directly in matters of government. To-day M. Poincaré is head of the Government, but he cannot hinder M. Millerand from participating in the management of affairs. Each of the two Presidents has his own policy, which he opposes to the policy of the other. A few weeks ago M. Millerand had an interview with Dr. Schacht. It lasted long, and when the Director of the Reichsbank had left the Elysée M. Millerand informed his friends of the excellent impression that this conversation had made upon him. He had no more doubts as to the possibility of finding a solution to the Reparations question. He even perceived the basis of a future agreement. He acquainted M. Poincaré with this matter. The President of the Cabinet expressed, once more, his astonishment at seeing the Head of the State allowing himself to exercise prerogatives belonging exclusively to the Head of the Government. Once more, again, M. Millerand feigned not to notice the reproach, and insisted upon the Prime Minister receiving himself the direct declarations of the German financier. Three days later M. Poincaré addressed to M. Millerand a report stating the impossibility of reaching an agreement.

In external policy the President of the Republic upholds the speedy settling of agreements with the Allies and with Germany. In internal policy, however, he shrinks in his opinions, and continually bars the way to the general current that drives the French people towards the Left. M. Poincaré endeavours to thwart as much as he can the manifestations of the Head of the State in both realms. He favours the Left parties in domestic politics and counteracts the policy of agreement in foreign policy. This gives an explanation of many manifestations both within and without Parliament, where the Left parties fight against the foreign policy of the President of the Council and hate simultaneously the internal policy of the President of the Republic. There are days when these parties support one President against the other.

The President of the Republic receives in his councils the representatives of industry and commerce. The Comité des Forges and the Union des Intérêts Économiques are not a little proud of being able to consider the President of the Republic as their advocate. M. Poincaré sees very unwillingly commerce and industry taking part in the direction of State affairs. The Comité des Forges supported at first the policy of occupation of the Ruhr, in the hope that the representatives of the great coke industry would soon enter into an agreement with the coke-owners of Lorraine. But, in course of time, the Comité des Forges got disgusted with the policy of occupation, and now cheers M. Millerand when the latter stands up for the policy of agreement. This accounts for the sour face that M. Poincaré has shown in different circumstances to the heads of the big industry.

If the Comité des Forges and its satellite, the Union des Intérêts Économiques, support in external policy the tendency towards agreement, they encourage on the other hand a reactionary policy in the interior. The two great organizations are interested in obtaining the pro-

longation of the existence of the Chambre des Députés, and the President of the Republic has multiplied his efforts in this direction. But M. Poincaré is sincere when he speaks of his having the soul of an old Republican. The Constitution is formal; he will not allow any violation of it, even though it might come from the President of the Republic.

This is how these two Presidents are opposed to each other, and their conflict is the greater as they differ so entirely both in spirit and in temperament. The President of the Republic has no culture. M. Raymond Poincaré is a cultured man. But M. Poincaré possesses a bad humour, whilst the President of the Republic, being strong and healthy, has no humour at all.

This is the reason, too, why their advantages and weaknesses cross each other. The French people react daily with a little more strength against the heavy awkwardness of M. Millerand. If he had succeeded in putting off the elections, he would have provoked in France an agitation, an upheaval perhaps, that would have certainly astounded him. But M. Poincaré stood up against M. Millerand for the right of the electors. Does the Prime Minister hope, perhaps, that the electors will know how to show him their gratitude?

C.

## LIFE AND POLITICS

THE Singapore scheme has been scotched, but not killed. There will be no resignations, for the Admirals know that the issue is a worthless one on which to fight, and that there are plenty of competent men waiting for promotion; but the supporters of the scheme will mobilize their forces for a new attack at the first opportunity, and it is the business of the Liberal and Labour opponents to educate public opinion on the subject in readiness for the inevitable occasion. That the Government have secured this temporary suspension of a mischievous proposal is an important addition to their achievements. It was dimmed later in the evening by the vote on the five cruisers, in regard to which they defeated the Liberal opposition with the help of the Conservative votes. This expedient of relying now on Liberal votes and now on Tory votes smacks of the taint of Coalition, and is not strengthening the position of the Government. The disturbances within the Labour Party show a grave tendency to increase and become more embittered as the policy of the Government pursues this equivocal course. The fact is reflected in the note of asperity which is becoming a little apparent in Mr. MacDonald's manner in the House. He has a difficult team to manage, and the disposition of a considerable section of his party to be somewhat uncivil to the Liberals—a disposition not always absent from his own manner—makes the situation more difficult and the course of events extremely doubtful. It was certainly a trifle grotesque that on the day when a typical pacifist member of the Labour Party was appealing for votes just outside the doors of Westminster on behalf of a pacifist party in power, that party, inside the doors, was engaged, with the help of Tory votes, in securing authority for building cruisers for which the most insubstantial case had been made out.

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Mr. Churchill has come a cropper between the many political stools on which he sought to find a foot-hold. His defeat, following on his deplorable electoral record since 1922, would, in the case of a less vital

personality, mean the final eclipse of all Parliamentary ambitions. But one can never be quite sure in the case of so aggressive and so accomplished a warrior that he has been finally "counted out." He is to-day undoubtedly the most generally and variously unpopular man in the public life of the country, and his genius for blundering has rarely been more marked than in this contest. But his resilience is astonishing, and his pugnacity unequalled, and a turn in the wheel of events may enable him to come again. The conversion of his candidature into a preposterous circus, with jockeys, prize-fighters, and music-hall artists disporting themselves in the ring on his behalf, showed not merely a lack of dignity, but an utter want of touch with public sentiment. The election is not only a heavy blow to Mr. Churchill. It shows that there are limits to the influence of the popular Press which had made him its idol and ran his candidature with a furious disregard of sense and decency. My Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere are having a bad time. These people are powerful with Philip when he is drunk, but Philip is becoming sober, and the more sober he gets the less attention he pays to their Press.

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It is not probable that any more will be heard of the question raised in Parliament as to the accidents to the Prince of Wales. The matter, said the Speaker, was one which rested with the Government, but it is not likely that the Government will take any action. Pressure, no doubt, will be exercised from other quarters. It is certainly time that these incidents ceased. No one wishes to limit the recreations of the heir to the throne, and everyone respects his courage. But the public interest in the matter cannot be ignored, and it is time that the Prince passed a self-denying ordinance on himself in regard to a sport for which nature has obviously not fitted him, and the perils of which are much more than a mere personal concern. Apart from any other consideration, it is not desirable that the heir to the throne should be periodically exhibited in the columns of the Press in relations which, amusing on one or two occasions, become absurd by constant repetition.

\* \* \*

It is gratifying to learn that if Mr. MacDonald remains in office it is his intention to be present at the next meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations. This is the most conspicuous service to the League that a British Prime Minister can perform, and it is regrettable that it has been so long delayed. The fate of the League is still in the balance, and it will remain in the balance so long as it is a mere torso and so long as the current of French feeling runs in a direction hostile to its spirit and purpose; but there are plenty of signs of its vitality, and even in America a significant change of attitude towards it is apparent. The presence of the British Premier at the Assembly will give it an impulse of an invaluable kind, and will set an example that cannot fail to be followed, with incalculable gain to the authority and prestige of the institution. In this connection I should like to make an appeal to the English Press, and especially the Liberal Press, to show a little more respect for the meetings of the Council of the League than has been the case hitherto. The Council meets only three or four times in the year for a week at a time, so that reasonable attention to its proceedings would involve only a small tax on space; but the meetings are practically ignored. The last meeting of the Council, one of the most satisfactory yet held, was hardly referred to in the English Press. One might almost think that there was a conspiracy to conceal its proceedings from the public. It is not that. It is only another illustration of that dread of the newspapers to

touch any subject which cannot be turned into trivial and amusing "chat" that makes English journalism the banal and desolating thing it is to-day.

The new Committee appointed to inquire into the National Debt is one that will command universal public approval. It is certainly not overloaded on the Capital Levy side. I do not think that more than four, certainly not more than five, of the thirteen members are known as advocates of that expedient, and the remainder are either hostile or undeclared. It is possible, of course, that the Committee will not have completed its report and recommendations in the life of the present Government, but its investigations and conclusions should be a light to the feet of whatever Chancellor of the Exchequer is in office next year.

London has lost an invaluable servant by the retirement of Sir Robert Blair, who has been Director of Education to the County Council ever since, with the abolition of the School Board, that body assumed the management of elementary education in the Metropolis. Sir Robert had done important educational work in Scotland and Ireland before he came to London, and when he was asked why he surrendered his tasks for work which offered him no apparent gain, he replied that he wished "to have his hand on the problem of London's education." It was a fortunate ambition for London. Perhaps the most conspicuous of his achievements was the rapidity and success with which he organized the day continuation system, set up in London under the Fisher Act. Unfortunately, that splendid work was short-lived, owing to the fact that while the County Council adopted the system, the thirty other Education Authorities in the Metropolitan area decided not to adopt it. The result was that the L.C.C. boy suffered in competition for work with the boy from Tottenham or Hornsey or Walthamstow, and the best experiment yet made for dealing with the youth of London at its most critical period came to grief. The problem of the wastage of the youth of London still remains to be solved. Sixty thousand boys and girls, at the age of fourteen or so, are sent out of the schools of London every year, largely into blind-alley employments, and with complete loss of contact with educational ideas and influence. This deliberate manufacture of a morass of thoughtless life and low-class labour is a crime against the youth of London, and a menace to the future. The expedient of the day continuation school must be revived, and revived on a national compulsory basis. I hope that the freedom which has come to Sir Robert Blair will be devoted to pressing this great matter on the mind of the country. Those who had the privilege of hearing him this week at the luncheon given in his honour at the House of Commons by an educational group under the chairmanship of Mr. Percy Harris, will understand what a fund of experience and knowledge and what a wealth of large statesmanship have been released by Sir Robert's retirement for service in a wider field.

I am disposed to think that among feats of courage that of Mr. Arnold Lupton on Wednesday takes high place. Mr. Lupton, who has himself sat in Parliament, paraded Victoria Street alone with sandwich-boards, inscribed "Vote for Scott Duckers," suspended from his shoulders back and front. I ventured to challenge a distinguished Liberal ex-Minister to a similar demonstration of courage. He replied with a counter-challenge. He would walk down one side of Victoria Street with sandwich-boards inquiring "What do we want with five cruisers?" if I would walk on the opposite side similarly arrayed. I pleaded age and infirmity.

A. G. G.

## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

### CRUISERS AND CHRISTIANITY.

THURSDAY, MARCH 20TH.

THE great debate on the five Cruisers was somewhat confused by the previous introduction on Tuesday of the statement of the abandonment of the Singapore base. The unfortunate Mr. Ammon read the typewritten speech prepared by the Admiralty with an almost incredible rapidity; and in his solitary deviation to answer a question was sharply pulled up by the Prime Minister. Mr. Amery, though far from being an orator, in a speech of sixty-two minutes, kept the House interested for most of the time in a revelation of the pre-war mind, which has learnt and forgotten nothing from the experience of that huge catastrophe. I thought Mr. MacDonald's speech more laboured and less successful than most of his utterances. He spoke in a crowded House amid dead silence unbroken by a cheer. Much of it was read from a Cabinet document. The argument for the maintenance of Singapore, which he put forward first, with almost superfluous emphasis, he never adequately answered. He laboured under the difficulty of revealing that all the *plea* for the abandonment of Singapore in view of international efforts towards mutual disarmament applied equally to the abandonment or holding up of the new Cruisers, and that all the argument for the new Cruisers (which he treated in quite perfidious fashion, evidently desirous of pushing the opposition lightly aside) applied with even greater force to Singapore. He then departed (no doubt for a previous engagement), leaving the Treasury bench occupied solely by the rather pathetic figures of Mr. Ammon and Mr. Hodges to counter a most vivacious Liberal attack, with which practically every Labour member was in his heart in agreement.

This attack suffered from commencing only at the dinner hour, and was limited by the impatience of the House to rise at its normal time. Nevertheless, any observer in the gallery must have been convinced that with the critics rested all the honours of the debate. These honours remained with them in part because no intelligent effort was made at reply. There must be a case of some sort for the building of these ships at this time. But unless it was proved that we were only building to the lowest point consistent with national safety (in the words of the Covenant) it was demonstrated that we were violating Article 8 of the League of Nations Covenant in the Treaty of Versailles. And the *plea* first advanced by the luckless Mr. Ammon and emphasized by the Prime Minister in the first debate, that this was to provide work for the unemployed, was completely thrown over. The only intelligible defence indeed of the Government plan came from one or two recalcitrant Liberals, especially from Commander Fletcher, in an excellent maiden speech. Sir Archibald Sinclair, one of the most popular members of the House, was received with cheers and laughter while he poured butter from a lordly dish over the head of the very Prime Minister the destruction of whose power was the sole plank of Mr. Churchill's campaign in Westminster, which Sir Archibald has been assisting with commendable loyalty. The attack was excellently opened by Mr. Hugh Seely, who threw over all the ideas of his gallant uncle, and by Mr. Harcourt Johnstone in a most promising and much applauded speech. It was closed in a merciless criticism by Sir John Simon, who tore to pieces in cold legal argument the pretensions of Government and Conservatives alike, in a speech received with impatience by both sides. But the success of the night, and certainly one of the most brilliant speeches of the session, was that of Captain Wedgwood Benn. With extraordinary passion, energy, and readiness of retort, he silenced first Mr. Ammon and then Mr. Amery, the latter, indeed, with a claim which left the Tories almost breathless in its audacity. For, on contrasting with great force the first act of the Liberal Government of 1906 in retarding the building of warships as a moral gesture to the world in favour of retrenchment with the first act of a Labour Government in accelerating the building of warships

before they were needed ; and being interrupted by the statement that this retardation had injured us in the war, he cheerfully announced the joyful result that " When the war came we had some ships that *could* fight instead of the Noah's arks of the Cavour programme ! " He achieved the distinction, which I have not seen before, of a Liberal speaker in this Parliament being repeatedly cheered by the rank and file of the Labour Party, who looked, indeed, the picture of dejection during the whole evening. From the Opposition back benches came merely semi-inarticulate utterances from members who represented dockyard or armament towns. And Mr. Hodges, who rose to reply in a crowded House and began well, suddenly sat down, just as everyone thought he was going to begin to answer the arguments, without replying to one of them. The Government will require heavier weight in the House of Commons in defence of the Estimates and policy of the fighting forces, if it is to survive the informed criticism of both the other parties and the disgust of its own.

A few Liberal Coalitionists could almost have paired with a few Labour members who had the courage to vote according to their promises. The latter included the venerable figure of Mr. Ben Turner, who, with the traditional long white beard of the prophets of old and something of their spirit, holding up the New Testament in his hand, declared that this was the rule of his life, and he acknowledged none other. He also deplored the daily absence of the Government from " the magnificent prayers " which, he asserted, amid general cheers, they needed " more than anybody else." Alas ! on the day after, the Government Bench still remained completely untenanted. The lure of the bribe to the dockyards was painfully obvious all through, driving even such a good Liberal as Mr. Isaac Foot to vote against his party, and providing a ghastly object-lesson of what a British Parliament would be like under either Protection or Socialism.

Christianity somehow keeps " creeping in " to this new, strange Assembly. On Monday the whole House assembled to make a mockery of the fifteen Labour members who had put down their names to a motion for the abolition of the Army. They came to laugh ; but they remained—if not to pray, at least to listen to argument which evoked respect. Idealism challenged the hard and pitiful realities of things as they are. But it was an Idealism which, in certain defenders at least, had a right to speak and to condemn. Mr. Ayles indeed, a hatless, vegetarian, loud-voiced, Labour conscientious objector, seemed to the majority to be satisfactorily, if roughly, classed by a fellow Labour member, Dr. Haden Guest, as a case for the pathologist. But Mr. Thurtle, the pleasant-voiced, good-looking member for Shoreditch, made a great impression, in a testimony from one who had fought and been wounded in the war, concerning the atrocious horrors of it all. Earnest, eloquent, sincere, and with a charm of manner, this young man should ultimately find himself in a Government—though not perhaps in this one. His veteran father-in-law, Mr. George Lansbury, completely swept the House and silenced all opposition with a passionate proclamation of Christianity—naked and unashamed. Mr. John Ward evoked great Conservative cheers by his reply. But his analogies from Nature concerning " highly developed mammals " and those who had " progeny much lower than the other," and his contented assumption that the military races were much higher than the others—from the fact that they could protect themselves—left me unmoved. The Sermon on the Mount was hurled about like a tennis ball from one side to the other. Mr. Pringle concluded the debate with a brilliant and entirely cynical Parliamentary oration. He excels in impromptu reply. He spends his time in attacking his Clydeside friends just across the gangway. And they receive his attacks with good temper and laughter—attacks by which, if coming from an outsider, they would be stirred up to fury like a wasps' nest. But there appears to be a kind of Glasgow freemasonry which transcends the normal division of parties and criticisms.

The proceedings in the only functioning Standing Committee—that on the Rent Restrictions Bill—have developed into a confused chaos. On the first day the Tories systematically obstructed (not without reason), and no business was done. On the second day the Labour members occupied the whole time in denouncing the Tory obstruction, and no business was done. Mr. Mardy Jones, indeed, the enthusiastic Labour Welshman in charge, in long periods of rhetoric, denounced the landlords as " vultures sucking blood." This was seized upon with avidity by the Tories, who entered into an interesting discussion as to whether or no vultures do " suck blood," until they were pulled up, somewhat belatedly, by the Chairman, in prohibition of " ornithological details." The Liberals remain quiescent, except occasionally to move the closure, which is refused. The whole difficulty is caused by the Government suddenly withdrawing the Minister of Health and the Attorney-General from the Committee. They cannot make up their mind whether they lose least by alienating the sitting tenant, on the one hand, or the small owner of cottage property, on the other. Meantime, violence continues—not with edification—and no progress is made.

M.P.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### "RESURGAMUS."

SIR.—May I, as a Liberal and a warm admirer of Prof. Murray, express the dismay with which the prospect of the divorce proceedings between Liberalism and democracy, coolly foreshadowed in his article in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM last week, fills me and many others ?

Prospero has taught the dumb Caliban to speak. Because his first stumbling utterances are often silly and often vulgar and often unclean (which it was always certain they would be) : because every kind of quack and charlatan and cheapjack has hastened to exploit Caliban's newly awakened desires and opportunities (which it was always fairly certain they would do) : because the resulting situation is for the time being full of undoubtedly grave perils for everybody concerned (which was also always to be foreseen) : is Prospero, therefore, to say that it was a mistake to teach Caliban to speak at all, that he was far better dumb, and that he must now be in some way cajoled or coerced into silence, or to mumble a repetition of what his betters tell him he ought to say ?

Toryism has failed because it never trusted the people. Socialism, becoming every day more arrogantly paternal and more insolently authoritarian, will fail for the same reason. But why should we Liberals, with these examples before us, abandon the flag under which we have won all our greatest triumphs, and renounce the faith which to most of us is the very foundation stone of all our political beliefs, because to our impatience the fruits of the half-won victory are not all that too sanguine fancy painted ?—Yours, &c.,

STUART HODGSON.

### LORD CECIL'S TREATY.

SIR.—In the admirable article on the Treaty of Mutual Guarantee which appeared in your issue of March 8th, there is one phrase which strikes me as particularly suggestive, and which I think indicates the heart of this especially baffling and difficult question.

Dealing with the problem of French public opinion (no less a problem which we must face because that opinion is wrong-headed and dominated by Nationalist passion), you say that in view of all the circumstances of the case, the refusal of our Government even to consider an arrangement of this kind would " mean a set-back to constructive international effort comparable to that given by the repudiation of the League by the United States." And you might have added by the failure to ratify the Pact. For what will be the situation from the point of view of that French opinion ? Here was a great Anglo-Saxon idealist who came to France five years ago, talking about a new world and its organization. He was the author of a new " Grand Design," asso-

ciated in a special sense with the Anglo-Saxon community across the water. It was America's contribution to the ending of Europe's agony. And in a sense, the Americans were going to teach Europe a better way of managing her affairs. The leaders of France frankly did not like the idea, and would have preferred other methods of security. But because this was the scheme of their Anglo-Saxon Allies (more and more the French link them together), France agrees. When she has done so, the Americans will have nothing more to do with it. And now the other great Anglo-Saxon people, through their representative, Viscount Cecil, come along with another plan to settle these problems of armaments and security. Again the French agree. And having done so, this time also the scheme is rejected by the people whose representative accepted it.

Is it not likely that the French will say that our internationalist idealism is just Anglo-Saxon self-deception: that when it comes to giving form and substance to our plans, we are not prepared to take the risks and to pay the price? No British Government, as we have just seen, proposes just to drop arms, irrespective of general action. How do we propose to use those arms which we continue to create? At what are they directed? We fought in the last general war. We shall fight in the next. Even the present pacifist Government is determined to maintain our armaments. Are we ready to define now the circumstances which would lead us to the use of those arms, the claims which we shall maintain, the demands which we shall resist? It is the absence of any clear notion of the specific policy for which armament is to be used that creates the danger. When no one knows what the other is likely to do, each will be compelled to be as powerful as possible.

The Treaty of Mutual Guarantee in its present form may be inadmissible. But it ought not just simply to be rejected. Two conditions obviously should be attached to it: we should be free to make the same treaty with Germany, and our adhesion to it should be conditional upon definite reduction of French armament. The latter condition is already accepted in principle. We are told that France would never consent to the first. But her refusal to accept it would reveal even to French opinion that she is seeking, not security, but domination; that what she is asking for herself she is not prepared to grant to others. Such a revelation of aim would anyhow contribute to that general education of European opinion which by universal admission is the condition precedent of real reform.—Yours, &c.,

NORMAN ANGELL.

[Mr. Angell seems to assume that Britain's adhesion to the Treaty would involve her entering into a special complementary agreement with France. That is not the case. We should be opposed to the Treaty if it were.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

#### TOLSTOY'S PLAYS.

SIR,—I am much obliged to Mr. Leonard Woolf for saying (THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, March 1st) that my wife's and my own translations are better than those of Mr. Dole; but as yours is the first review of his book I have seen, may I take this opportunity to suggest to the public that there are other reasons for preferring our versions to his?

In the first place, Tolstoy selected us as translators and repeatedly asked the public to judge of his works by our versions. On the other hand, he so disliked Mr. Dole's renderings that he would not even reply to his letters or give him any vestige of recognition. In the second place, as Mr. Bernard Shaw pointed out in a letter to the Press—endorsed by a hundred and twenty leading British and American authors, dramatists, critics, and publicists—"No complete edition of Tolstoy's works has yet appeared in English, and the one projected by the Oxford University Press, translated by Aylmer Maude . . . may prove commercially impossible unless the public, by subscribing for complete sets and specifying this edition in their purchase of separate volumes, makes up for the absence . . . of copyright in Tolstoy's works. His letter ends with the words: "We feel that its failure to appear would be a grave loss to our national literary equipment; and we earnestly hope that the opportunity of completing the nineteenth-century bookshelf, both of our public and private libraries,

by a complete edition of his (Tolstoy's) works in English will not be missed."

The matter is now in the hands of the public, and it rests with them to decide whether our endeavour is worthy of support.

Mr. Dole, however, makes a bid for favour by suggesting that among these "Dramatic Works" he is offering the public something previous editions (that is our edition) have not supplied. The wrapper of his volume contains the statement that: "Mr. Dole . . . presents for the first time a complete, authentic, and unexpurgated version."

I have looked at his edition and failed to find a single scene, or a single line, in any one of the plays, that was not already contained in our translation. He has added some children's dialogues, but why these should be included in a volume of "Dramatic Works" is difficult to understand.

It is not customary for dog to eat dog; but incompetence in translating from the Russian is not easily detected except by those engaged on the work, so it may be excusable to make public just one example of Mr. Dole's unfitness for his task. In his translation of "War and Peace" (the Crowell-Scribner-Walter Scott edition), Vol. I., p. 185, Rostov is made to give his superior officer, in time of war, "a direct and heavy blow between the eyes." (Tolstoy had said that he "firmly fixed his eyes straight on his face"—see World's Classics version of "War and Peace," Vol. I., p. 162). What added to Tolstoy's dislike of such liberties being taken with his text was the fact that, while writing "War and Peace," he had strenuously but unsuccessfully exerted himself to save from death a soldier who had been guilty of the very offence Mr. Dole gratuitously attributes to Rostov.

Nations no doubt support the translators, as well as the Governments, they deserve. But they may as well have facts before them when making their choice.—Yours, &c.,

AYLMER MAUDE.

Great Baddow, Chelmsford.

#### JOHN GALSWORTHY.

SIR,—It is not often that I find myself disagreeing with that most sterling of reviewers H. M. Tomlinson, or daring to raise a voice when I do, but I feel I cannot let Mr. Tomlinson's review of the Manaton Edition of John Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga" (THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, December 8th, 1923) go by without a protest.

Into his assertion that "our younger critics . . . appear not to have heard of John Galsworthy. They never mention him," I will not go. I am too far off. Perhaps it is so. If so, I regret it, and will content myself with saying that I believe the "Forsyte Saga," whether criticized or no, is extensively read not only in America, as Mr. Tomlinson suggests, and I know it by experience to be read, and in outlying parts of Empire and in far countries where I have seen it in really a quite unexpectedly large number of hands, but at home. There are some good modern books the reading, or want of reading, of which criticism, or lack of it, little affects. I believe the "Forsyte Saga" to be one of these. Where I will dare to interpose a few words is on Mr. Tomlinson's generous, but, it appears to me, slightly too vague, general, and almost undiscerning summary of Galsworthy's achievement. "Mr. Galsworthy is the historian," he writes, "of England's upper middle-class household. . . . Mr. Galsworthy gives it that wistfulness, as the shadow of its night and winter comes, and an understanding of its responses and perplexities, which only knowledge and judgment touched with compassion could bestow." And he speaks of "Mr. Galsworthy's subtle drama of these long, declining years which ended in the great calamity." "Mr. Galsworthy has preserved for the future the intimate story of that Country House which gave England its name and fame from the Reform Bill to the war; and shows it just after that war, in the world of the upheaval, grouped like the tragic figures in great drama after doom is past." He adds that such art "surely must mean 'immortality'."

With that last dictum I find myself very much in agreement, but are the preceding passages an adequate summary of all that Mr. Galsworthy has achieved in this "Saga"? It is with trepidation that I dare hazard "No!" and with the more trepidation in that in this post-quake

Tokyo I have not the book nigh me. I seem, however, to remember the close of the last book of the *Saga*, with its subdued and terrible picture of the lonely protagonist seated in his vespereal and lovely garden, possessing that garden, a good deal of property, and some pictures, and the affection, the loving service and the inner reverence of no one in the world. The Man of Property is bankrupt of all but property. He has neither enterprise, nor long life, nor hope ("the second soul of the unhappy") nor, most awful of all, honour left, and perhaps the most terrible fact of the whole business is his almost complete bankruptcy of knowledge that he has lost hope and honour. It is an admirable illustration of "The gods are just and of our petty vices..." Corneille, with his austere optimism, laid it down that "vice and virtue have only to be painted as they are for virtue to win all hearts even in misery, and vice to be hated even though triumphant." We do not pity the Man of Property. The gods are just: what we demand they return sevenfold into the bosom, and what we do we become. The Man of Property has his reward. It is my persuasion that only great works of art, wherein vice and virtue are painted as they are (which, in the exactitude of analysis and portrayal demanded, is one of the most difficult feats of art, above all, in a very extended work), achieve such a presentation as to give natural rise to such moral reflections. Art is neither moral nor immoral; for it to be either signifies some falsity in the handling. It is amoral as Nature is amoral. But as from the contemplation of some processes of Nature in relation to what is human we may deduce the principles of an awe-inspiring morality, so in some great works of art we may observe the operations of such a morality. Nor does this apply only to tragedy. Think of Falstaff, who lived "out of all compass," and remember the counsel of the moralist Marcus Aurelius: "Try not to live at random." I do not say that the "Forsyte *Saga*" is the highest tragedy (and I unhesitatingly aver that the actual writing is far better in the last volume than in the first), but I do claim for it that it is more than a history of "England's upper middle-class household," or a "subtle drama of these long, declining years," or "the intimate story of that Country House which gave England its name and fame from the Reform Bill to the war," in that it seems to me, if not, as I say, "the highest tragedy," at least "high tragedy." It has curious affinities, too, with another great and, alas! as it has always seemed to me, insufficiently appreciated modern novel, which likewise deals with the Country House. I refer to E. M. Forster's "Howard's End," a work which, to be entirely candid, I prefer to Mr. Galsworthy's. And this brings me to one last consideration. In "Howard's End" the theme is subtle and has many inferences, all of which depend largely on Mr. Forster's thesis of reverence for the personality and affairs of another, whether it be of a woman or of a conquered race. Mr. Galsworthy's book is surely not only a history, but a judgment, a distinct judgment, and the thing judged is not only an individual and that individual's surroundings and his times, but the entire evangel of an era, an attitude, and the ruling gospel of a nation. Not only is upper-class-consciousness displayed and the conclusion left to be deduced that it is not status but function which is supremely important, but the spirit of possession itself is painted as it is, and the conclusion left to be deduced that for life the spirit of creation is more valuable. (There is considerable irony in the Man of Property's acquisition of pictures!) Thus the book becomes, also, in some sort prophecy, and certainly a powerful (perhaps the more powerful for being an apparently unconscious) manifestation of the *Zeitgeist* of the times—for are not these conclusions very much in harmony with the findings of such as R. H. Tawney and Bertrand Russell?—

Yours, &c.,  
ROBERT NICHOLS.

Shiba Park, Tokyo.

#### LETTERS OF BEAU BRUMMELL.

SIR,—I venture to beg the hospitality of your columns to ask any of your readers who may possess letters of Beau Brummell to be so vastly obliging as to allow me to insert copies in my forthcoming biography of the dandy. Any letters sent to me, c/o Messrs. Hutchinson & Co., 34, Pater-noster Row, E.C. 4, will be returned within a few days.—

Yours, &c.,  
LEWIS MELVILLE.

March 12th, 1924.

#### THE STATE AND THE ARTIST.

##### III.\*

THE third division of the suggested inquiry into the nature of artistic effort by the State concerns the acquisition and care of the artistic treasures of the nation. The first and most obvious function in this respect is the care and preservation of historical monuments. There may, no doubt, be difficult questions of detail in this connection, but, on the whole, the general policy is fairly established, and commands general acquiescence. We may hope that the age of ruthless restoration of old buildings is past, and that preservation and not restoration is now accepted as the guiding principle. In this respect, at all events, our activity or want of activity compares favourably with French practice, which has created a vested interest in the continually repeated and devastating interference with the great cathedrals. The question there is not "How little can we safely do?" but "How much can we find an excuse to do?"

Far more complicated and more difficult are the problems connected with national museums and picture galleries. The passion for collecting and hoarding treasures begins in the individual in a rather indiscriminate and haphazard fashion, and is often pursued in many different directions without any clear understanding of the object to be attained, and something of this random character still attaches to a good deal of national collecting. In some institutions different and often divergent ends are pursued at the same time. No one can doubt that there is much confusion and overlapping in different and sometimes competing institutions. To take a few instances. The nation's pictures are supposed to be gathered together at the National Galleries, but a large number have found themselves in the Victoria and Albert Museum, isolated there among objects collected with a view to illustrating the applied arts of design. In the same building we have fortunately some of our best examples of pure sculpture, but the remainder of the works of this class are in the British Museum. The British Museum itself is a compound institution. In certain departments everything is apparently selected for its bearing on historical and ethnological problems, and yet here too, inevitably, the esthetic importance of objects cannot altogether be lost sight of. But no consistent policy seems to be pursued in either direction. In some departments history seems to predominate, in others esthetic claims are more recognized. Thus, in the Egyptian department, it is to be presumed that the claims of Egyptology are met, since scarcely any objects worthy of esthetic consideration have found their way there. On the other hand, the department of Oriental Art clearly keeps esthetic value well in view. Even in the National Gallery the conflict between the two ideas makes itself evident. At one time the nation saves up its resources in order to acquire a small number of supreme masterpieces, at another, many small and insignificant pictures are bought on the plea of filling gaps in a historical series. Even more striking is the conflict which we meet with in the National Portrait Gallery. Here one would suppose, from the general appearance of the collection, that history reigned supreme and art was a mere accidental interloper, and yet the obvious conclusion we should draw from this would be that above all the collection should contain the best possible photographs of the great men of the Victorian epoch, since these are incomparably better as historical documents than the painted effigies. But here the theory breaks down, and history is suddenly

\* Part I. appeared on February 23rd, and Part II. on March 1st.

abandoned, though whether art is attained remains doubtful.

Clearly, then, it would be highly desirable that some method should be introduced into the national collections. It is evident that to some extent the claims of historical and ethnological science on the one hand and art on the other should be met. It is not so evident that both should be met by the same institution.

Let me throw out here a suggestion. Why should not the main body of the collections be formed on historical lines, while a special gallery, or galleries, are set apart for displaying chosen objects grouped together and exhibited on purely esthetic lines? Such a method would be clearly applicable to an institution like the British Museum. There, we may take it, the main idea is historical and ethnological. In collections so formed, works of the greatest esthetic value rub shoulders with others that are without any esthetic quality, but may have the utmost importance on historical grounds. Take, for instance, the splendid collection illustrating Negro and Polynesian cultures. In the overcrowded cases of this gallery there are single specimens of sculpture of the greatest beauty, but their beauty is hidden from all but the acutest eyes. One has to peep behind half-a-dozen quite ordinary pieces to get a glimpse of the masterpiece in a dark corner of a shelf. Now here, clearly, the esthetic importance of these cultures could be brought to light if there existed one gallery devoted to purely exhibition purposes. In this, from time to time, different collections of objects could be arranged so as to allow of altogether new confrontations of masterpieces from different cultural centres. Here, from time to time, historical and geographical boundaries might be overridden, and we could compare analogous specimens of Egyptian, Sumerian, Greek, Chinese, and Negro sculpture.

Similarly in the National Gallery we might come to the idea of a historical storehouse of painting, on the one hand, kept for the use of students, and, on the other, of galleries in which the finest work of different schools and periods should be displayed to the utmost advantage.

No doubt, any complete scheme of organization of the nation's collections on these lines might be judged Utopian, but it would not seem altogether impossible to lay down a definite policy in these respects for particular institutions, or for one institution to pursue both ends but in separate departments. What is undesirable is an uncertain and hesitating policy and the zig-zag course it entails.

The question of the amount the nation spends on Museums and Galleries would naturally come up for inquiry, and here I can hardly doubt that some of the money which perhaps ought to be saved in other branches of expenditure would be well spent upon this—for in no other direction of its artistic enterprise are results of such value for the general education of the people produced at so small an outlay as in this. It will, I suspect, be found that as compared with similar institutions in some other countries our Museums are starved. The salaries of the staffs are, moreover, not of a kind to attract the best talent, or would not be, but that in this respect the State is probably served better than it deserves, owing to the tradition of disinterested and devoted service which has sprung up in some of these institutions. But devotion is not by itself enough, and there can be no doubt that want of funds often prevents these men from exercising the functions demanded of them in the best possible manner. To take a simple instance of the kind of question that should be considered. The nation possesses a considerable collection of Chinese and

Japanese painting, but it has never been thought necessary to allow the officials in charge the opportunity of spending a year or so in the Far East, without which a thorough knowledge of the subject is impossible. If the question were once fairly faced, it would surely be seen that if it was worth while to spend considerable sums in acquiring such objects, it would be a matter of merely ordinary good economy to obtain the fullest possible training for those who have to advise on its expenditure.

What I believe is of the utmost importance is a clearer recognition of the profession of the—and here the tell-tale fact obtrudes itself that we have no English word for it—the recognition of the—one has finally to fall back in desperation on the German—the *Kunstforscher*. It should be realized that the intelligent understanding of the artistic products of mankind is a quite serious profession, and one which requires a very thorough and somewhat special training from comparatively early years. It is a humane study, and one that requires as a basis a knowledge of the humanities, and therefore it could take its place in a liberal education more readily than many subjects which have none the less acquired a status in our Universities. A degree given on such a subject would indeed imply a more liberal education than, let us say, a degree in Brewing. Whilst a great deal of archaeological knowledge would inevitably be acquired in such a course of study, its aim should not be archaeological. It should be rather a course of comparative applied esthetics. The idea would be that the student should acquire such a wide knowledge of artistic form as exemplified in all the various known cultures of the world that, when in presence of any new form, he would recognize its kinship and analogies with other forms belonging to different ages and countries.

We have only to turn to Germany to see that there the possibility of some such training has been partially realized. The result has been a quite extraordinary emancipation from the narrow-minded partialities of traditional orthodoxies. The Germans have been pioneers not only in the matter of archaeological research and erudition. Far more remarkable has been their open-mindedness with regard to the products of cultures which had been previously regarded as somehow outside the pale. Probably certain artists were the first to see the esthetic significance of Negro and Polynesian sculpture, but the German *Kunstforscher* were quick to accept the hint from them and to begin the serious study and the careful collection of such works. With no less enthusiasm have they, more than any other people, given to Peruvian and Maya remains the kind of attention which was once regarded as only applicable to European art. This, then, is the point I wish to make. If the study of art-history be carried on as a comparative study of all cultures alike, we get an antidote to the kind of orthodoxies and *a priori* judgments which result from a narrow concentration. The *Kunstforscher* under such conditions attains by another route to something of the freedom of the artist, to whom the object in itself is everything, its historical references of no interest. Now the advantage for art of there being such a body of men with this special but somewhat detached interest in esthetic values is very great. Not only does it mean that the Museums would be likely to acquire the most significant objects of any given culture, but these men would exert an influence on public opinion which no one else could. The pure archaeologist is too insensitive to esthetic values, the artist is too closely interested in his own particular type of creative effort. To such a body, if it existed, the State could turn for direction and guidance with at least more prospect of a well-pondered

and judicial opinion than to any body of men at present constituted in this country. I am far from saying that the German *Kunstforscher* is the ideal of the type; he is often, of course, narrow-minded and bigoted or minutely specialized, like many learned persons in all countries, but in Germany there has been an approach to such an ideal of detached and scientific evaluation of esthetic objects, and no one can deny that the Museums of Germany have benefited largely by the freedom from prejudice and convention which they have often displayed. If one could but find an English word for *Kunstforscher* the battle would be half won.

ROGER FRY.

### THE BLADDER.

By LIAM O'FLAHERTY.

THE schoolmaster was a disagreeable man. He was always interfering in other people's business and giving advice about things of which he knew nothing. So that, although he was an excellent teacher, he was disliked in the island of Inverara. Somehow or other everything he said or did was aggressive and insulting. He walked with his head thrown back on his fat, red neck, that bulged in little waves over the collar of his coat, and with his brown beard thrusting out in front of his face. He always wore grey tweeds and a little grey cap that was pulled so far down over his forehead that a little patch of his baldness could be seen at the rear of his skull. Then when he spoke to anyone he kept one hand in his pocket, jingling his money, and stroked his beard with the other. He had a great deep voice, slow and pompous. "Haw," he would say, somewhere down in his throat, "what did I tell you? Why didn't you take my advice?"

At lunch time he walked up and down the road in front of his school with his lunch on his right palm on a piece of newspaper, and a clasp-knife in the other hand, eating bread and cheese. The cheese was always very high, and he had a horrid way of putting a piece between his thick red lips and then making a sucking sound. And he did that, he told the police sergeant, to persuade the islanders that bread and cheese was the healthiest and cheapest diet for a midday meal.

He was always telling the peasants that they didn't till the land properly or look after their cattle properly, and the fishermen that their nets were not the correct depth or length. In the same manner he inveighed against the unhealthy food the people used—tea, poor American flour, potatoes, and salt fish. When John Feeney's son Brian had the influenza the schoolmaster met John one night and said, "What are you feeding your son with?" Feeney scratched his head and said, "Faith, I'm giving him the best o' nourishment. Pancakes." "You're a fool, Feeney," said the schoolmaster in his bass voice; "give him oatmeal porridge, man." Then young Feeney's influenza turned into consumption, and the boy died. At the funeral the schoolmaster caught Feeney by the shoulder and bawled into his ear, "What did I tell you? Why didn't you take my advice?"

After his wife died of the delirium tremens he began a campaign against intoxicating liquor. He would talk for hours in front of the church on Sunday after Mass, reading statistics to show how drink beggared the country and filled the lunatic asylums. "And tobacco is nearly as bad," he would say. "Fancy a sane man making a chimney of his mouth and setting fire to his purse."

Then one December he bought a heifer from Jim Delaney, and, since he had no land, he sent the heifer to graze on Michael Derrane's land at so much a month. The heifer was in calf when he bought her, and she was a good-looking, healthy beast of a dark red colour with a white patch underneath her stomach. "Now we'll see how he gets on," said the peasants, winking at one another.

The cow spent the winter in those fields Derrane had beneath the road half a mile west of the church, and all through the winter she was the main topic of

conversation among the peasants in the west of the island. People were always leaning over the fence on the roadside, looking at her. Every evening after closing the school the schoolmaster went to visit her. He drove her around the field, examined her droppings and the water-tub. Then he would stoop down and look at her udder to see if she was beginning to gather milk, fully three months before she was due to calve. He became unbearable in his conversation, boasting about the cow. "Look at her," he would say. "I am a schoolmaster. I grow my own potatoes, cabbages, onions, and parsnips in my garden. Now I'm going to have my own milk. That's what comes of being educated and being able to use the brains that the Lord gave me." And he spent an amount of money on agricultural periodicals dealing with the breeding and treatment of cattle.

When the cow was due to calve he had relays of the school-children watching her by day, and he hired Tom Finnigan, the labourer, to watch her at night. Every evening he gave the cow a hot drink. "Phew," said the peasants, "be Saint Michael that cow will beggar him. It's a true story. Put a beggar on horseback."

The cow went twelve days over her time, and then on a Friday night just before dawn she had a speckled calf. Tom Finnigan and the schoolmaster were there, and the schoolmaster was as proud as if the calf were his firstborn child instead of a little speckled beast that sprawled about on the grass, trying to stand up. "You wait, Tom," said the schoolmaster, "that will be the best bullock in the island in two years' time." Then he went home to mix another drink for the cow and left Tom to watch her.

But in their excitement they had forgotten to empty the water-tub. Tom Finnigan had been up three nights, and overcome with weariness he fell asleep sitting under the fence, and in that condition the schoolmaster found him on his return. When Tom opened his eyes there was the schoolmaster showering blows on him and yelling like a madman. "Scoundrel, scoundrel, I'll have the law of you." "Yer honour," began Tom, jumping to his feet. Then he stopped and opened his mouth. The cow was standing in the middle of the field with her neck stretched low to the ground and her open mouth in the air. One side of her was flat and the other side swollen like a bladder. She had emptied the water-tub.

In a short while a crowd gathered and men offered advice, but the schoolmaster paid no heed to anyone. He kept roaring, "Scoundrel, scoundrel!" and in his shirt sleeves, with froth on his beard, he rubbed and rubbed at the cow's expanded side until the red hair was coming off in handfuls. For all that, he might as well be rubbing a mountain in the hope of flattening it out. The cow began to bellow and stagger about.

At last the peasants got mad with him and said that if he didn't let them treat the cow in the proper manner they would flay him within an inch of his life. "What good can you do her, you scoundrels?" yelled the schoolmaster. "Give her whiskey," roared the peasants. The schoolmaster was terrified out of his wits and told them to go and get whiskey. A lad brought a pint. They seized the cow and poured it down her throat. Soon she began to toss her head and run about breaking wind. That evening she was as well as ever.

But the schoolmaster sold her and the calf a month later to Mick Grealish the blacksmith. Since then he never talks of cattle or farming. Neither does he give anybody advice. But the peasants have nicknamed him "The Bladder."

### SCIENCE

#### PHYSIQUE AND CHARACTER.

ATTEMPTS, scientific and otherwise, have always been made to construct some system by means of which we can save ourselves the trouble of investigating the characters of our acquaintances, some method of telling what they are like at a glance. Goethe and Lavater went on a wild-goose chase into

the realm of Physiognomy, Gall pursued the phantom of a scientific Phrenology, Julius Caesar preferred to have fat men about him, and many less distinguished people are to be found who frown at pointed ears and meeting eyebrows.

Dr. Kretschmer has a new theory. It may turn out as unsuccessful as the others, and it is probably less significant than he believes it to be, but it deserves attention because of its agreement with the general trend of "Glandular Psychology."

At Tübingen he has an institute for the insane. He examined 260 of his patients in order to see whether, by means of accurate measurement and careful observation, he could divide them into classes according to their physiques. He was able to distinguish three main types of build, which he called "Asthenic," "Athletic," and "Pyknic" (Gk. *puknos*—short, fat).

The Asthenic is tall, thin, and small boned. The extremities are small and delicate. The nose is often prominent, and the line of the profile comes to a sharp angle at its tip. The face is oval, and rather broader at the forehead than at the jaws. The majority of patients who had some peculiarity of the sexual organs belonged to this class.

The Athletic is broad-chested, heavily boned, with large extremities. The face is long and oval, or sometimes square. The cheek bones are prominent, and the contour of the jaw is well marked.

The Pyknic, as the name implies, is short and fat. The limbs are well rounded. The face is square or five-cornered, and well covered with flesh, so that the bones do not protrude. The older members of this class often have pronounced fatness of the lower part of the trunk.

A class was set aside provisionally for people who had some marked peculiarity in their physique due to severe disturbance of the ductless glands (Eunuchoids, &c.). These were called "Dysplastics." Their more startling peculiarities were subsequently ignored, and the cases were classed among the Asthenics or Athletics, to which, but for their specific diseases, they obviously belonged.

There are interesting facts as to the growth of the hair in these different types. Among the Asthenics and Athletics the pre-pubertal hair (head, eyebrows, and down over the body) is most lasting, and where it does fall out the baldness is patchy. The pubertal hair (chest, pubes, &c.) is often scanty, and sometimes non-existent. With the Pyknics, on the other hand, cases of complete baldness are common, and the pubertal hair is nearly always profuse.

As might be expected, there were some ill-defined cases, where criteria of more than one class were present.

The patients were then divided up into two psychiatric groups: Schizophrenes and Circulars. The former group includes paranoiacs and patients suffering from Dementia Praecox. They have turned away from the normal interpretation of reality, and live in worlds of their own. Either they sit in corners and refuse to pay attention to anything that is going on about them, or they interpret events to fit in with some obsession of their own, and they believe themselves to be persecuted kings, unrecognized prophets.

The second class contains patients suffering from Depressive mania. They alternate between excessive high spirits and extreme depression. They are willing to talk to you; their emotional reactions are abnormal in one direction or another, but they are not completely cut off from the world and without emotional reactions at all, as are many of the other class.

The next step was to correlate the membership of these classes. The result was as follows:—

	Circ.	Schiz.
Asthenic	...	4
Athletic	...	31
Asthenic-Athletic	...	2
Pyknic	58	2
Impure Pyknic	14	3
Dysplastics	—	34
Unclassable	4	13
Total	85	175

There is thus a high degree of correlation between the Asthenics and Athletics and the Schizophrenes, and between the Pyknics and the Circulars. There are also several anomalous cases, where, if the rule held, we should expect to find Schizophrenes, because we have Asthenic or Athletic bodies, but we find Circulars instead; and similarly we find Schizophrenic Pyknics.

Dr. Kretschmer had an opportunity of investigating such cases, and in every instance he found in the immediate family striking mixtures of temperament. Where, e.g., he had a pyknic-schizophrenic, he found traces of striking schizophrenic characteristics among the members of the immediate family.

In these investigations, Dr. Kretschmer came across cases which displayed many of the characteristics of Schizophrenia or Depressive mania, but not to so pronounced a degree as would necessitate their removal from society. These temperaments were, as far as his experience went, connected with the physiques which corresponded to the expectations he had formed from the investigation of his patients.

This led him on to a more general theory. Perhaps one can divide up all the temperaments in the world into two classes, tending towards Depressive mania on the one hand, and Schizophrenia on the other; the Psychic diseases being merely extremes between which all humanity may be ranged. Men with a tendency to be preoccupied with their own ideas and interests, who are tempted to interpret reality in accordance with those ideas and interests, and who have a few intimate friends, but, on the whole, are inclined to keep themselves apart, would belong to the class he calls "Schizothymes." People, on the other hand, who are jolly, who take the world as it comes, whose emotions are easily roused and soon calmed, who are universally popular, and have a wide circle of acquaintance, would belong to the other class, which he calls "Cyclothymes." And these classes would be correlated with Asthenic-Athletic and Pyknic physiques respectively.

Of course, no definite pronouncement can be made until a great many more facts have been discovered in support of the two theories—special and general—and the data before us are numerically meagre. But recent developments in Physiology have shown that the Endocrine Glands play an enormous part in the actual shaping of the body, and also determine, to a certain extent, the psychological endowment of the individual, and for this reason it seems possible that something may come of investigations along the lines indicated by Dr. Kretschmer.

S. S.

## FROM ALPHA TO OMEGA.

**A**LL lovers of Devon, and indeed all those who can enjoy a comedy based on the manners and customs of country-folk, should go to the Court Theatre to see "The Farmer's Wife," which Mr. Eden Phillpotts has created, I think, out of his novel "Widecombe Fair." Mr. Phillpotts knows his Dartmoor villagers from alpha to omega, and the Birmingham Repertory Company have achieved wonderful success in capturing the atmosphere, as well as the brogue, of the West Country. Mr. Cedric Hardwicke, in particular, makes a living and richly comic personality out of the farm-hand who is put into livery to act as butler at Miss Thirza Tapper's tea-party. A glorious affair that party! All the guests are true to life, and teem with that humour which is the product of accurate character drawing. There is no weak spot in the cast, and it is not easy to single out individuals for praise without injustice to the rest. After Mr. Hardwicke, I should be inclined to award the prizes to Miss Evelyn Hope, as the good housekeeper who helps the farmer in his search for a second wife, and eventually fills the vacancy her-

self; to Mr. Wallace Evennett, as an aged countryman; and to Miss Maud Gill as the spinster hostess. If this play meets with the success it deserves, someone ought to be encouraged to revive "St. George and the Dragons," an even better comedy by the same writer.

When I left the Stage Society's performance of "The Adding Machine," on Monday, I thought it was one of the silliest plays I had ever seen, but that was before seeing the new play at Hampstead, "Young Imeson," in the evening. Mr. Elmer Rice, who seems to have been much affected by Molnar's remarkable play "Liliom" (which was such a success in New York, but is apparently unfit for English ears), started off by writing a play in the German expressionist manner. All the types were generalized to become non-human, and behaved in a clockwork rather than a human manner. Mr. Zero's evening party was like quite an amusing turn by the Chauve-Souris. Expressionism is an art-form I particularly dislike, still there may be something to be said for it. But it is fatal to abandon it and begin acting naturalistically in the middle—which is what happens in "The Adding Machine." The thought is also so muddled as to become positively exasperating. America is lacerated in Acts I. and II. by Mr. Elmer Rice, but in Act VII. Mr. Zero is himself lacerated by God for not being a hundred per cent. American. The acting was good all through.

"Young Imeson," at the Everyman Theatre, is chopped hay of the most tasteless kind. All the juice has been extracted long ago from this form of provender. Mr. Gregson has a tiny little idea about a village strike, which he with difficulty expands into three acts with the help of what a sarcastic Russian of my acquaintance used to call "your family humour." Some West Yorkshiremen in the theatre were immensely amused, and said, no doubt justly, that the local accent was marvellously rendered, and altogether the play was very well acted. But "Young Imeson" was never "regional"; it was merely provincial, intimate and old-fashioned. My opinion of "The Adding Machine," rushed up. However much Mr. Elmer Rice may have botched his play, he was, at any rate, aiming at a new artistic form, and had a fair share of new ideas. Several of the cast made gallant efforts to talk American. But to do Mr. Elmer Rice justice this was quite unnecessary. In as far as his play had merit at all, it transcended boundaries of this kind. It was European. "Young Imeson" is merely West Yorkshire.

It would be interesting to know if the surprising change in Mr. Nevinson's style of painting is due simply to a desire to please, or to an elaborately assumed naiveté, that far-fetched kind of intellectual snobbishness. We are accustomed to him as a competent and sometimes pleasing painter, semi-cubistic in manner, but in his new style he flounders about like an inefficient amateur. In his exhibition at the Leicester Galleries he shows several landscapes, painted with all the oleographic sugariness (but little of the skill) of the dull Academician. There are, besides, several portraits, some in pastel, some in oils; in the former, and even in many of the latter, he conveys the soapy quality of indifferent pastels, while the portrait of "Dolores" is simply a melodramatic "stunt." Many of the pictures show scant regard for such important factors in painting as design, colour, or texture. The best things in the exhibition are one or two of the water-colours, which are pleasant in a quiet

and unpretentious way. It is a relief to look at Miss Beatrice Bland's decorative and skilful flower-paintings in the next room, and the competent, if rather dull, etchings and drawings of Mr. Vernon Hill, which make up the rest of the exhibition.

The second exhibition of the Architecture Club, held in Grosvenor House, was opened by Lord Curzon last week, and will be open to the public until April 17th. British Architecture of to-day (the title of the exhibition) as represented by models, and by large photographs disposed upon the crimson walls, does not make an overwhelming emotional impression, but it is far from dull. Architecture is always difficult to present, and an exhibition of it has not the same end in view as an exhibition of painting. But the unexceptionable shapes to be seen at Grosvenor House—houses, gardens, monuments—have a delicacy and exactness which one comes to enjoy. The "Housing" room is an instance. Here can be seen good examples of the small houses and groups of houses which are to line the new streets. They are the shapes which are to nurse the eye of the next generation. They are at least free from meaninglessness: they will not compel that protective blindness to forms induced in the English child at an early age. Some of the groups, for example, those by Messrs. Adshead and Ramsey, and Messrs. Hennell and James, are even beautiful—but beautiful in a neutral way, related inevitably (as architecture must be) to the general level of taste from which (and above which) the other arts spring. Epstein's sculpture indeed can be seen springing—in the model for the memorial to W. H. Hudson, the naturalist, in Hyde Park. The architect for the memorial, Mr. Pearson, has designed a delightful bird-bath enclosed with a hedge and having behind it a slab of stone. On this stone the sculptor has depicted an *Ascension*—a lady with snakes for arms accompanied by some large birds, all rushing upwards with incredible fury. Other interesting designs are Scott's Derby Lane Church, Liverpool; Atkinson's St. Catherine's, Hammersmith; Macdonald Gill's Silo Towers; and A. W. Kenyon's treatment of a memorial hospital at Sheffield.

#### Things to see or hear in the coming week:—

Sunday, March 23rd.—Play Actors in "The Conquering Hero," Aldwych Theatre.

Monday, March 24th.—Albert Fransella and Léon Goossens, Flute and Oboe Recital, at 8.15, at Wigmore Hall.

"The Pirates of Penzance," at Princes Theatre.

"Coriolanus," at the Old Vic.

Cinema Repertory Season at the New Scala Theatre until April 12th.

"Long Live the King," film, at the Tivoli.

Tuesday, March 25th.—Lectures and Counter-Lectures, No. 6, Mr. James Agate and Mr. Guedalla, at 5.30, at the London School of Economics.

Wednesday, March 26th.—"Saint Joan," by G. B. Shaw, at the New Theatre.

Harriet Cohen, Bach Recital, at 8.15, at Wigmore Hall.

Emilio Colombo, Violin Recital, at 8.30, at Aeolian Hall.

Thursday, March 27th.—Mr. Sutro's "Far above Rubies," at the Comedy Theatre.

Friday, March 28th.—John Goss, Vocal Recital, at 8.15, at Wigmore Hall.

OMICRON.

## THE WORLD OF BOOKS

## DAEDALUS AND ICARUS.

HERE is much to be said for the little book on a great subject, provided that the writer is big enough to cope with the difficulties of writing it. A month or two ago Messrs. Kegan Paul began to publish at 2s. 6d. each a series of little books to which they are giving the general title "To-day and To-morrow." Their first volume was "Daedalus, or Science and the Future," by Mr. J. B. S. Haldane; their second is "Icarus, or the Future of Science," by Mr. Bertrand Russell. If the series maintains the standard set by these two books, it will be a notable achievement. They show how much a writer of knowledge, skill, and imagination can say in a short space about a vast subject, and yet avoid the pitfalls of triteness and superficiality. And—if I may be allowed to say so without impertinence—the writing of these books was probably as salutary to Mr. Haldane and Mr. Russell as the reading of them is instructive and entertaining to their disciples. The first-class philosopher or scientist will, unless he is very careful, suffer from the disease which tends to attack all real experts: the field of his expert knowledge will become a closed circle within which his reason and imagination may for many years continue to work with their accustomed precision and brilliance; all the links, all the tissue of facts and knowledge, which connect his "subject" to other branches of science and to the world of everyday life will be broken or atrophied, and he will be unable to think or to write about it except in terms and on the scale reserved for books published at not less than 25s. net. But if occasionally he has to consider his subject in its relation to the universe and to the man in the street, and to write about it in ten thousand words instead of one hundred thousand, he will find a new field for his imagination—if he has any—and the result may be as valuable to him as to his readers.

Both Mr. Haldane and Mr. Russell have imagination, and each has let it loose to play in the same field of speculation. The scientific age has only just begun: in the first flush of the birth of science there was naturally nothing but a chorus of congratulation. No voice was heard to ask whether the appearance of this astonishing infant could be anything but a blessing, and, if anyone had asked the question, there were the railways and telegraph and steamships and ironclads, the teeming towns and humming factories, to provide an answer—of course, science was a blessing. Only in the Far East the benighted Chinese—and for a shorter time the Japanese—refused to accept the blessing, but in both cases their refusal yielded to the rapid improvement in naval armaments. Then, as the nineteenth century drew to a close, Socialism introduced the first real note of hostility and doubt, but, since the Socialist was either an "extremist" or a discontented workman, he was allowed to have little effect upon the official view, almost universally accepted, that science is a blessing. Then came the Great War to show to millions of plain men what science and the scientist can really do, if they put their minds to it, to make us happy. It was a tremendous revelation. Even the civilian, when the aeroplane dropped an aerial torpedo upon the house of his neighbour, ceased to talk about the triumphs and blessings of science.

Daedalus may be taken as the first scientist; he represents the optimism of science. He invented flying,

but his son Icarus used the wings in his own way, fell into the Icarian Sea, and was drowned. The titles on these books of Mr. Haldane and Mr. Russell indicate not only the subject which they are treating, but the general outlook of the authors. Mr. Haldane does not ignore the possibility that the world may suffer collectively the fate of Icarus, that mankind will use its new powers for its own destruction. But fundamentally he is an optimist, as may be seen from his statement: "I believe that the progress of science will ultimately make industrial injustice as self-destructive as it is now making international injustice." The turn of the sentence is characteristic: Mr. Haldane sees, not mankind, but injustice destroying itself. And so, when he looks into the future, he gives us an extraordinarily interesting and imaginative sketch of the new discoveries which may be expected and the use which they may be put to in order to increase human happiness. His vision includes the solution of the power question by harnessing the winds in rows of metallic windmills, the solution of the food problem by the invention of a purple alga which will enormously increase the yield of crops, and the tremendous effect of "ectogenesis" upon human psychology and social life. But what to me is even more interesting is his theory that Einstein's discovery will have important effects upon practical life, since for a few centuries "many practical activities will probably be conducted on a basis, not of materialism, but of Kantian idealism."

\* \* \*

"Whether, in the end, science will prove to have been a blessing or a curse to mankind, is to my mind still a doubtful question," writes Mr. Russell on the third page of his book. At the end of his book I am left with the impression that his doubt is philosophic, and that as a practical man he would lay heavy odds on science proving to be a curse. Icarus gave him his title, and he cannot forget Icarus's fate. He lays stress upon the fact that science increases men's power of gratifying their desires. Whether this will make them happy depends upon the nature of their desires. If they were rational, they would use their new control over nature to increase their happiness; but they are not rational; they are "bundles of passions and instincts." Mr. Russell, with subtlety and wit, shows how, under industrialism and nationalism, men's new powers are used, not for the purposes that scientists and inventors optimistically foresee, but for purposes which produce infinite misery, and which, if persisted in, must end in the extermination of the present race of human Yahoo. His view is that whereas private passions are often good, collective passions are mainly evil, the strongest being hatred and group rivalry, and that science, by making society more organic, decreases the part played by private passions and gives to communities more power to indulge their collective passions. The truth in this view is, in fact, not ignored by Daedalus and Mr. Haldane, who admit the evils and injustices produced by industrialism and nationalism, but Mr. Haldane is an optimist because he believes that science makes these injustices so intolerable that mankind will be driven to destroy them. Mr. Russell sees no reason for indulging in this hope, and he remains an Icarian and a pessimist. It is not for me to give a casting vote in this mighty controversy.

LEONARD WOOLF.

## REVIEWS

## AMERICAN LITERATURE AND AMERICAN CRITICS.

**A Short History of American Literature.** Edited by W. P. TRENT, J. ERSKINE, S. P. SHERMAN, and C. VAN DOREN. (Cambridge University Press. 15s.)

Or the abbreviated one-volume "popular" version of the Cambridge History of American Literature it is possible to mark quickly and recite briefly the virtues. It is a useful short survey, relatively complete, exact, arranged with proper chronological care, and equipped with an excellent bibliography and an excellent index. Perhaps these, in a short history of literature, are virtues enough. Nevertheless, one does look for something more. American literature embraces only a century and a-half; the American "Hall of Fame" (to which Whitman, I believe, has not yet been admitted) is not so crowded with names that approximate justice might not, in one good volume, be done to them all; and in four hundred pages one would suppose that Hawthorne, Poe, Whitman, Melville, James, Twain, Emerson, Emily Dickinson, and Henry Adams might have been pretty thoroughly "sounded."

Unfortunately, the present History does not do this. To begin with, the mistake was made of "dividing" the work, allotting different authors to different critics. This need not have been a bad thing if the "critics" had been well chosen, or if space had been apportioned with some sense of an author's importance. But instead, everything is on a dead, democratic level. Bryant must have his fifteen fulsome pages—so must Longfellow and Whittier and Lowell and Lanier; Poe gets no more, nor does Whitman; and the only exceptions, astonishingly enough, are Franklin and Lincoln. Much play is made with Franklin's Yankee astuteness as a diplomat, with his prowess as an inventor of stoves and flyer of kites: and his moral aberrations are passed quickly with averted eye. Mr. N. W. Stephenson devotes eighteen pages to an exhaustive and exhausting analysis of the "three manners" in Lincoln's prose, talking, by the way, a good deal of high-falutin nonsense. He wants very badly to have us believe that Lincoln, though he did not go to church, was religious. But why Lincoln or Franklin at all? Why Jonathan Edwards, an eighteenth-century bigot, who, if he belongs anywhere, belongs to a history of American philosophy? Why drag in those admirable scholars Whitney, who knew a great deal about Sanscrit, and Ticknor, who wrote a history of Spanish literature? Or such preachers as Beecher and Brooks, good but ephemeral men, who have less claim even than the omitted Edward Everett Hale? What did any of these contribute to the world's letters? The answer is "Nothing." It looks suspiciously as if the editors had been trying, ignobly, to "pad" American literature.

This results not only in a waste of space, but also in a dishevelment of purpose. If a history of literature is to be anything more than a series of unconnected essays on individuals, it must show a unitary development in its subject, with the causes, external and internal, social and economic, of that development. This is a pretty conclusive argument for the one-man history. One's only doubt as to the advisability of this course, in America, arises from one's discovery that of the score of critics who write the present book, only three appear to be conspicuously intelligent and discriminating, or to write with any distinction. Professor MacMechan is excellent on Thoreau. Professor Erskine contributes an admirable study of Hawthorne, which might have been better had it been longer. He "sees" Hawthorne, in Transcendental New England, with quite exceptional sharpness and justice. He emphasizes usefully—has it been so emphasized before?—Hawthorne's careful intellectual detachment, and his honesty in thinking out the moral and social problems which Emerson and Alcott had only stated and abandoned. Above all, he is fairer to the New England scene of Hawthorne's time than Henry James; who, in his study of Hawthorne, perhaps desiring to exculpate himself for his own recent flight to Europe, quite shamelessly exaggerated the New England bleakness. The only other chapter as good is that by Mr. J. W. Beach on James, though it is too short by half. Mr. Beach has had insufficient space for any analysis (technical and aesthetic) of the "later" novels—an analysis indispensable in an essay on James. Nor is the criticism of James mentioned at all, though James

is one of the very few men produced by America or England (in this case by both) who approximate greatness as critics.

For the rest, this book, racy informative as it is, sheds a light on American literature in a way which probably the editors did not intend. What strikes one, in this series of essays by different hands, is the uniformity and persistence with which American critics—most of them professors—weigh their subjects in the scales of moral and social *usefulness*. That explains the interloping presence here of Edwards, Franklin, and Lincoln—who have little importance in letters—and Beecher, Brooks, Whitney, and Ticknor—who have none. One is a little dismayed at the singleness with which all these critics expect a man of letters to be, first and last, a social and spiritual *leader*. His "message" is sought for with deep Teutonic earnestness. If he has it, well and good: it will not matter that he writes like a barbarian. The aesthetic question is seldom raised; the responsibility is declined. It appears to be assumed either (1) that all Americans write alike and like angels, or (2) that how they write does not, as long as they "have a message," matter in the least. Emerson's "ideas" are discussed—but not his prose or verse. Poe's bad habits are reprehended, his social and ethical deficiency marked with a red lantern; but his genius is left unmarked, unanalyzed, and unplaced. We are given no reason to suppose that Bryant was less important than Poe—the Bryant article is indeed a fine specimen of the "eloquent" style in American criticism; it positively yodels. It nowhere says that Bryant is thoroughly commonplace and dull. Nowhere is it said that Longfellow was a tenth-rate sentimental, a manufacturer of *blanc mange*, who wrote two or three good poems; that Whittier was a jingling moralist; or that Howells was an honest novelist of manners with an appallingly undistinguished style. Some illuminating biographical facts are given about Whitman—it is interesting to learn that the famous poem about an unrequited love referred, not to a woman, as has usually been supposed, but to a young mechanic. There is also, however, in Whitman a profound critical problem—which is here ignored. Henry Adams is looked at askance because of his "sense of futility." No good American has a sense of futility. Herman Melville—perhaps because he, too, had a sense of futility—is fobbed off with four pages of tepid superficiality. "Moby Dick" is less important, apparently, than Beecher's "Seven Lectures to Young Men."

What we come to is the fact that the "Short History" lights in America an almost total lack of critical standards. It is unlikely that the editors intended to show this. They were perhaps not altogether fortunate in their choice of critics. But they themselves must be responsible for the uncritical choice of subjects, and the indiscriminate apportioning of space. They must be responsible for the glaring omission of Emily Dickinson—a poet who rivals any American poet in importance, and who is unquestionably the finest woman poet who has used the English language. And they are responsible for the omission of Stephen Crane. . . . It is a thousand pities that the first "authoritative" history of American letters should throw so remarkably little, on the American literary scene, the light of a detached aesthetic criticism, free from perfervid moral obsessions, and free from the aggressive consciousness of provincialism. The Puritan is a long time a-dying. His only question before a work of art is, "What does it teach?" And if it contains no good honest dogma, no yea-sayings, no "urge" toward "higher things," then, obviously, it is of no consequence. Melville, Poe, Emily Dickinson, and Henry Adams can go hang themselves. And Henry James can go to England.

CONRAD AIKEN.

## "THE FREEING OF ARIEL."

**Ariel: a Shelley Romance.** By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. Translated by ELLA D'ARCY. (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.)

M. MAUROIS has set himself to secure a small triumph, and let us at once admit he has secured it. He has written a biography of Shelley that can be read as easily and amusingly as a novel, with the additional satisfaction to his readers that they are studying history at the same time. "Ariel," when it appeared in the French original, was compared advantageously with Mr. Lytton Strachey's "Queen

Victoria," but there is not much in the comparison. Though both authors use the same bantering style, "Queen Victoria" is far the more important book to an English audience well acquainted already with the Queen and the poet; Mr. Strachey did a good deal of heavy (and some have said "indiscreet") research in the Greville memoirs and elsewhere, while M. Maurois has given us a Shelley, slightly Gallicized perhaps, but otherwise not to be distinguished from the Shelley that we have synthesized for ourselves, long ago, from the accounts given by Peacock, Hogg, Trelawny, and others. Particularly at the end of the book M. Maurois takes the line of least resistance, relying almost entirely on Trelawny's first published account of the events that led up to Shelley's death, and disregarding important evidence that appeared later both from Trelawny's own disclosures and elsewhere, evidence that seems to support the second part of Byron's remark quoted by M. Maurois, "If we could get Trelawny to wash his hands and not to tell lies we might make a gentleman of him."

"Ariel" is sub-titled "A Shelley Romance," and, if the word *Romance* was to have had its usual significance, M. Maurois might well have adopted the constructive boldness of thought that marks, for instance, Colonel John Buchan's recent romance "Midwinter." Given three slender but important historical oddities—the first that the great Dr. Johnson had a deep-seated and never fully explained dislike of the Scottish race, the second that at one period of his life he disappeared for over a year, and the third that this period coincided with the Jacobite Rising—Colonel Buchan has used his wits and woven a most plausible and agreeable tale. M. Maurois, without offending History, indeed greatly to the ultimate service of that muse, might have corrected the absurdity of an Ariel being drowned at sea—what would Prospero have thought of an accident of that sort?—and given us instead as good a tale of love, jealousy, and murder as ever delighted a French novelist's heart. He might have examined critically the well-known confession of the sailor who was in the felucca that ran Shelley's boat down. This news was circulated in Italy in 1875, and Trelawny made a statement to the "Times" of that year in which he admitted the probable truth of this statement: "They knew there would be a squall: in that squall they would run down the 'Don Juan,' drown the three people on board, and get the bag of dollars which they had seen taken on board. That was what tempted them." This part of the story M. Maurois omits entirely. Trelawny's inference certainly makes a sordid business of the poet's end, particularly as the murderers were supposed to have been after not the atheistic Shelley but the "rich milor Byron"; still, M. Maurois was not bound to accept Trelawny's interpretation of the facts.

Shelley had long nursed the splendid hope of his own romantic assassination, and once at Tanyrallt, as Peacock relates, had gone so far as to engage a mysterious stranger, who existed only in his imagination, with a pistol, putting a real pistol bullet through his own flannel shirt in the course of the duel. M. Maurois could easily have gratified Shelley's ambition by making these sailors the hired assassins of some false friend of his hero's. As Mrs. Olwen Campbell, Shelley's most recent biographer, has written, to enumerate Shelley's friends is to order a march past of the Seven Deadly Sins: The Lecherous Byron, The Greedy Godwin, The Proud and Passionate Trelawny, and so through the list. Among all these was there not one found with enough talents to perform such villainy? The motive, a twofold one, love-jealousy and a share of the bag of Tuscan crowns? Did no other man, beside the "loyal and indefatigable" Trelawny as Mary Shelley called him, ask her hand in marriage after Shelley's death, to whom she made the same reply that Mary Shelley was too pretty a name to change, and that she wished that name for her tombstone? The false-friend ending would catch up with a nicely tragic climax the early Hogg-Harriet episode, which with its sequel of Shelley entirely forgetting Hogg's guilt had been almost a comedy: further, Harriet's ghost would in this way be more properly avenged on her contemptuous rival Mary.

But suppose the story to have taken this fantastic form, it must always have been put in historic accord with Trelawny's final statement, made, strangely enough, after he

had himself given several conflicting accounts of the business:—

"Minute particulars regarding the death of Shelley are sought for and narrated by different writers in different ways. I see the latest by Mr. Barnett Smith has many errors. Details can only be interesting from their authenticity, and everything that was done from first to last was done by me alone."

If M. Maurois had used Mr. Strachey's resourceful pen and put this sentence neatly and without italicizing at the very end of his book he might have made it sound almost sinister.

ROBERT GRAVES.

#### FRENCH POLITICAL PORTRAITS.

As They Are. By \* \* \* Translated from the French by WINIFRED KATZIN. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

THIS collection of political portraits is a French equivalent of the "Mirrors of Downing Street," written in the vein of the "Morning Post" instead of that of the "Daily News." The translation is indifferent. There is no obvious reason why the title "Ceux qui nous mènent" should be rendered by "As They Are"; the English for "impôt sur le revenu" is not "tax on revenue," but "income tax"; and the inherent difficulties arising from unfamiliar allusions cannot be said to have been overcome. Readers presumably ignorant of the French language will possess a surprising knowledge of French politics if they understand, for example, what is meant by the Rue de Valois, 16th of May men, the moral order, and the Fourth Republic; why the Presidency of the Radical and Radical-Socialist party should be often confused with that of the Council of the Order of the Grand Orient; or the precise shades of opinion denoted by the bewildering party nomenclature, to which one safe guide used to be that any group calling itself Left certainly belonged to the Right.

Most of the portraits are unflattering. MM. Briand, Viviani, and Millerand are classified poachers turned game-keepers. All started as revolutionary Socialists, but

"As bees, on flowers descended, cease to hum;  
So, lighting upon office, Whigs grow dumb."

The phenomenon apparently is without exceptions in the case of French Socialists. M. Barthou is said to have a reputation for unreliability. He has been accused of betraying M. Meline; when this book was written he was being accused of having betrayed M. Briand after Cannes; and generally it is implied that it would be unwise to go tiger-hunting with M. Barthou. M. Loucheur *ve sans dire*, and M. Andre Berthelot's portrait concludes with a pleasant allusion to gaol. M. Tardieu's method of refuting certain scandalous rumours about colonial concessions is worth quoting. Incessant and irrelevant ejaculations of "N'goko Sangha" at his meetings might have disconcerted a weaker man, but M. Tardieu rose to the occasion. "I was waiting for that interruption," he would shout, "and am glad it has come. I am blamed for N'goko Sangha, citizens, but do you know by whom I am blamed? In England by the pro-German Edmond Morel, who has since been convicted as a defeatist, and in France by Joseph Caillaux, whom the Supreme Court has accused of treason." After that convincing explanation M. Tardieu was, of course, elected.

M. Caillaux himself is cast for the villain of the volume, and scores the maximum in abusive epithets, which range from "perverted Conservative" to "scullion Coriolanus." This excessively objective treatment throws little light on the most enigmatic of French public men. Much of the resentment which he inspires appears to be due to the fact that, inverting the practice customary among French politicians, he commenced his career, like Mr. Gladstone, as the rising hope of the stern unbending Tories—"the hope of the moral order" is the exact French equivalent for that phrase—and ended it, if it has ended, as the ex-leader of the Radicals. That, however, is the question. Impeached, imprisoned, exiled, proscribed, and left for dead, his enemies perceive with alarm symptoms in him of returning life. "The Radical party," we are told, "fears but dares not disown him. If a period of public unrest were to open in France, Joseph Caillaux, with his rancours, would become once more a dangerous man."

M. Poincaré, whose election to the Presidency owed something to the fact that his name means square fist, is

## BRITAIN, FRANCE, AND GERMANY.

*To the Editor of THE NATION & THE ATHENÆUM.*

SIR,—The condition of Central and Eastern Europe is in some respects very sad. Russia is half starved, but exporting corn in order to buy absolute necessities, such as machinery, clothing, &c. Poland also is in an impoverished state. Czechoslovakia and Austria are just managing to live, though some parts of the population are suffering great hardships. The German industries are hindered by foreign armies occupying her principal coalfield and manufacturing area, and a large part of the population, being half-starved, is suffering such a constitutional degeneration as may cause a lamentable effect on the child-life of the nation. Yet Russia, and Poland, and Czechoslovakia, are forced to keep up great armies, thus increasing their impoverishment.

France is prosperous, and all ranks of the people well fed, well clothed, and well housed. She maintains a great army, the Peace establishment being 770,000. She has 1,000 military aeroplanes against the British force of 100 aeroplanes.

The Treaty of Versailles gives the Allies the right to occupy Germany up to the Rhine until "REPARATIONS" are completed. France considers herself entitled, also, to occupy any part of Germany that she chooses, until she has been paid not only what she now demands, but what in addition she may choose to demand at some later period. And, consequently, she has occupied the Ruhr, and M. Poincaré says that there he will stop until the Reparations are complete. And M. Poincaré speaks with the approval of both Houses of the French Parliament, and there is no ground for supposing that any future French Parliament will fail to support the policy of M. Poincaré, or of any probable successor.

Now this policy is not liked by a majority of the British people, which considers that the present maintenance of hostile conditions on the Continent is injurious to British trade, and therefore they desire that France and Belgium should withdraw their armies from Germany, and leave their poor people a chance of earning a decent livelihood.

The late Mr. Bonar Law tried to modify the French policy. Mr. Baldwin made a similar attempt. And both failed conspicuously.

The published letter of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and the published reply of M. Poincaré indicate the hopeless futility of negotiation by simple rhetoric.

The state of the military forces of Europe shows that the Continent is at the mercy of the French.

When supply-wagons have to be drawn by horses, a great army cannot operate more than 100 miles from the base of supplies. But the railway system has altered that. Locomotives eat coal and oil. They do not eat corn, or meat, or potatoes. And, therefore, a great army supplied by railways may operate even 2,000 miles from its base of supplies. Therefore, the German power being non-existent, the military power of France is greater than ever before in the history of the world.

But quite apart from the present military predominance of France, no sensible person in Britain would willingly contemplate for one moment a war with France, no matter how good the purpose we had in view. We are, therefore, thrown back upon a more sensible method of securing changes, which we may justly desire—the simple, old-fashioned method of offering to buy the goods which we want.

If we desire France to modify her policy to please us, we must ask for her price, and we must suggest a price that would be tempting.

The French Government is now much bothered by the depreciation in the exchange value of the franc as compared with the British pound and the American dollar. This depreciation of the paper franc does not necessarily do the French nation any serious harm. They can eat, drink, and amuse themselves just the same. Wages and prices can

adapt themselves from hour to hour and day by day. But, nevertheless, the French people are worried by the present depreciation, and more particularly worried by the extreme measures taken by the Government with a view to sustaining the exchange value of French Government paper.

Therefore, the offer by the British Government of substantial financial assistance would be very opportune, and helping the French Government out of a difficulty might make them willing to consider our opinions in relation to Germany. I propose, therefore, that the British Government should make the following proposals to France:—

1. That Britain should guarantee the integrity of the French Republic against all assaults by Germany. (This guarantee would really cost us nothing, because Britain would go to the aid of France in any case if she was attacked unjustly and revengefully by a Germany that had recovered military power.)

2. That Britain should guarantee the payment by Germany of specified Reparations, which should be a fixed and final amount, not subject to any increase. This might be partly paid in German coal and partly in German timber, specified amounts of each. The amount to be paid in gold should be a fixed sum, say 1,000,000,000 British pounds, equal in the present depreciated condition of the franc to 125,000,000,000 paper francs. (Last year I adopted the figure of Mr. Bonar Law—2,500,000,000 British pounds, but circumstances have altered since then, and the occupation of the Ruhr has greatly reduced the possibility of a speedy Germany recovery). I propose that this 1,000,000,000 pounds should be paid in sixty years by equal instalments, and that interest at the rate of 3 per cent. should be paid to the French on the unpaid balance of the principal sum, and, further, that the principal sum should be redeemed by the payment of an additional 1 per cent., making 4 per cent. per annum, equal to a charge of 40,000,000 British pounds a year.

This guarantee need not cost the British taxpayer any money at all. The Government could borrow the money, and repayment by the Germans gradually would be certain.

3. I propose that Britain should make France a present of the 600,000,000 pounds that she owes us.

4. I propose that immediately upon the signing of a treaty giving effect to these proposals, the French and Belgian and British armies should be withdrawn entirely from Germany.

I think that such a treaty as this would be very profitable to this country. If our unemployed were well employed, their work would bring a value of 500,000,000 pounds a year to this country. We should save the dole and some Poor Rate expenses, totalling, say, 150,000,000 pounds a year. I do not say that this treaty with regard to Germany alone would be sufficient to give full employment to all our people. It is necessary, also, and highly desirable, to give Russia a substantial credit, so that she can take our manufactured goods which she urgently requires. If this was arranged, at the end of three years Russia would be in a position to begin repayment of credit advances, with interest.

This is a purely business policy. But of this, I am sure—that it is the only policy that can bring Peace to Europe.

It may be said that, however generous and liberal towards France this policy may be, it would not secure acceptance by the French Government. But I think it would, though perhaps not immediate acceptance. It might be necessary for us to make use of some methods of propaganda, so as to let the French people know of our desire to give them practical financial assistance, to let them realize the meaning of 125,000,000,000 francs, or, on the other hand, of the annual payment (at the present rate of exchange) of about 5,000,000,000 francs guaranteed by Britain. The average Frenchman is very keen in matters of business, and the time, perhaps, is not far distant when he will get tired of paying himself interest on the Government Bonds he has bought by the simple process of buying new bonds and never receiving any cash in return, so that his careful savings and persistent industry will actually be secured and bring him in a little income.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD LUFTON.

depicted as "the national statesman *par excellence*." "Firmly Republican and ardently patriotic," as he said, though not of himself, the other day in the Senate, is perhaps the most concise description of the peculiar blend of Left and Right which he represents. The author dwells on the strangeness that a dry lawyer, devoid of romance, and incapable of eloquence, should have captured the confidence of France more completely than anyone since Thiers. This, he says, is a new kind of national statesman. An Englishman will be reminded of Burke's portrait of George Grenville. As of Grenville, it might be said of M. Poincaré that "with a masculine understanding and a stout and resolute heart, he had an application undissipated and unweared." Both were "bred to the law," a profession "not apt, except in persons very happily born, to open and to liberalize the mind exactly in the same proportion." And both were placed in charge, not when "things go on in their common order, but when the high roads are broken up and the waters out, when a new and troubled scene is opened and the file affords no precedent."

#### BEST SHORT STORIES.

**The Best Short Stories of 1923.—I. English.** Edited by E. J. O'BRIEN and JOHN COURNOIS. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

**The Bazaar; and Other Stories.** By MARTIN ARMSTRONG. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

The persistent short-story reader must have, one would think, a particularly active or a particularly languid mind; a mind that is always ready for a fresh start, or one that is incapable of a continuous interest. "The Best Short Stories of 1923" should satisfy both types. Writers as dissimilar in aim and achievement as Mr. Michael Arlen and Mr. D. H. Lawrence are represented, and an incorruptibly alphabetical order sets Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne between Mr. Maugham and Mr. Montague. The only connecting-link to the stories, besides that of being the best, lies, we are told, in their possession of a quality "which may be fairly called a criticism of life." We can only say that in some of the stories this quality is less overt than it is in others. We did not detect it in Mr. Stacy Aumonier's brilliant account of the escapade of an English Dean's daughter under the bed of a French Blue Beard; but this, of all the stories, was not least the one that gripped the attention firmly. "The Fly" shows Katherine Mansfield at her best; "The Horse-Dealer's Daughter" shows Mr. Lawrence a good deal below his. Miss Mayne's story would draw tears from a stone; but the pathos of Miss Tennyson Jesse is easier to resist.

One is tempted to generalize, in spite of Mr. O'Brien's assertion that formulae do not interest him, and that organized criticism is dead. A few of the stories are written clearly to entertain, and have conventionally happy endings. Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's "Some Talk of Alexander," which ends at last very unhappily indeed, is no exception, since its uncomfortable close is equivalent to a snatching of the cup from the lips: the cup was there and expectation fastened upon it from the start. But the majority of the stories do not look forward either to felicity or to infelicity as such. They take place in the world, and the projections of them, their posthumous course in the mind, are conditioned by the world. They do not purge the soul. Indeed, it is difficult to see how the soul can be purged in the meagre space which the short story, by definition, has at its command. Harassing as Miss Mayne's and Miss Mansfield's stories are, we feel all the time that they are squeezing out of an unquestionably significant and poignant incident more emotion than it can properly yield; they are *tours de force*, emotional tabloids infinitely compressed.

Mr. Armstrong writes beautifully. The most tangible quality of his work is its distinction, which survives when his colours have grown faint and his tone so low as scarcely to be heard. One can never be forgetful of his technical proficiency, and one does not wish to be. The stories have considerable range of subject, but in general they are stay-at-home tales, depicting cloistered lives and delicate, finely fibred minds, whose adventures depend for their effect on a background of secure, almost monotonous, days. The force of this background Mr. Armstrong never fails to convey, and it is, after all, the background of most of our lives. His effects come from irregularities and betrayals in this order of peace; irregularities that find expression in some

freak of behaviour, as in the case of the lady who, hurt by her family's neglect of her birthday, went out and lavishly entertained a comparative stranger at luncheon. How well she is described:—

"She demanded so much, did Mrs. Hetherington, a constant homage of embraces, a continuous supply of spoken sympathy which it was beyond human power to provide. Nothing for her was certain that was not continually being expressed. As for herself, she was always expressing."

Sometimes Mr. Armstrong allows his quietness to be invaded by more sensational events. There is Helm Hall with its madmen, the inn with its sinister memories. Above all, there is little Miss Millett's mother, half invalid, half vampire, a disquieting creation that owes, perhaps, something to Walter de la Mare and something to Henry James. But always there is a core of restfulness, an inner detachment that makes Mr. Armstrong's restraint something more valid than a mere literary device. It is a weakness, as well as a strength, for it tends to keep him at arm's length from his subject; it gives his work an exquisite surface, but also the quality of being seen through a medium, like clouded glass. He is happiest in a metaphysical phantasy like "The Pursuit of the Swallow," where his humour has full play and the movement of the story is regulated by its pattern.

L. P. HARTLEY.

#### INCONDITE THINGS.

**Outward Bound.** By SUTTON VANE. (Chatto & Windus. 5s. and 3s. 6d.)

**The Lilies of the Field.** By J. HASTINGS TURNER. British Drama League Library, No. 8. (Oxford: Blackwell. 3s. 6d.)

**The Dance of Life.** By HERMON OULD. (Benn. 5s. and 3s. 6d.)

**Ayni.** By LAURENCE BINYON. British Drama League Library, No. 5. (Blackwell. 3s. 6d.)

**Four One-Act Plays.** Double Demon. By A. P. HERBERT; St. Simeon Stylites. By F. SLADEN SMITH; Thirty Minutes in a Street. By BEATRICE MAYOR; Pan in Pimlico. By HELEN SIMPSON. British Drama League Library, No. 7. (Blackwell. 3s. 6d.)

**The Prince.** By GWEN JOHN. British Drama League Library, No. 6. (Blackwell. 3s. 6d.)

It is one of the consequences of revived interest in the stage that many writers hastily fling their notions into drama, rather than novel or short-story form, without hesitating to consider whether there may not be some more radical difference between a play and a tale than writing SMITH: instead of "Smith said." It is true this method saves the concentrated labour of making scenes vivid and characters alive: the onus is transferred to the reader or the actor. But, speaking of the commonalty, the result is the tacit acceptance of the "slice of life" theory, by virtue of which a play may consist of a middle without a beginning or an end. Such middles are apt to be pulpy. Of the above plays there is no reason why "St. Simeon Stylites" should not have begun a century ago and reach indefinitely into future ages; the barest reason, fatigue apart, why "Thirty Minutes in a Street" should not be "Thirty Years"; while with others, though such trifles as death, accepted love, and so forth, bring the authors to a period, there is no formal or emotional reason why the play should ever stop at all. Crystallization is incomplete.

"Outward Bound" and "The Lilies of the Field" have attained some measure of success, and, together with "The Dance of Life," they illustrate the law that most playwrights believe that a drop of hard-headed spirit in the first act authorizes a waste of sentimental shame throughout the remainder of the play. In one of John Davidson's prefaces the passage occurs:—

"REVIEWER: What was your object in writing this play?

AUTHOR: To give delight"—

the only answer Corneille or Dryden would have found sane; but these three plays are written to deepen our spiritual life. *La vertu: quel thème inépuisable!* However, there is not much harm in "The Lilies of the Field." We may even be mildly amused by the idiotically innocent, nice characters, who teach us that it is no use young women pretending to be what they are not, and that side-whiskers spoil a cheerful grin. "The Dance of Life," on the other hand, is uplifting,

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strenuous, expressionistic, shot with a dark and generalizing metaphysic. By means of lady parlour-maids heroically kissed, thrilling escapes from fire, dreams, visions, prisons, and a piper, we learn that the final solution of our perplexities is "to accept the day's task as it comes, to work, to believe, and dance," the last, of course, in the highest, the Zarathustran sense. But though Mr. Ould's play has some form, and contains a definite stream of thought, however turgid, it does not cohere. It has no vitality within itself, for it is extremely difficult to mix a world of tea-table realism with a symbolic world. "La Vida es Sueño," "The Tempest," the novels of Balzac or Dostoevsky may be fantastic, created worlds, but their reality is achieved by their being self-enclosed, however much they may have a point-by-point relationship with mundane things. Mr. Ould has failed to discover the place of severance between art and life, and his piper, the embodiment of his hero's "idea," does not belong to the world of prisons and heroically kissed parlour-maids.

But at least "The Dance of Life" has not the appalling thinness of most modern plays, such as Mr. Binyon's, in which everything has to be told us three times, as in the cinematograph, in case we had not noticed it at once. "Ayuli" is in the tradition of Stephen Phillips; it is made up of blank verse and perfumes, minstrelsy, an "aesthetic" king, loyal and traitorous chamberlains, moonlight, lotuses, a ruined palace, and the Ideal Beauty personified in a voluptuous queen. "The Scene is laid in a Kingdom of Eastern Asia." Alas! The king sees so much in Ayuli—"My red flower! . . . life, Earth, sky, the stars, dream, truth, hope, terror all Are you, are you . . ."—that the State suffers from undue taxation. When told that the kingdom is in revolt, the potentate still seeks salvation in the Ideal Beauty, but a noise disturbs him:—

" . . . Drums!  
My army! There is trouble in the North;  
Perhaps the Tartars. I must see to it."

Too late! Ayuli is destroyed by the mob, and the king becomes a wanderer.

"Double Demon" is a play—to give it a courtesy title—about a single male member of an otherwise female jury. It is trivial, not to say vulgar. "Thirty Minutes in a Street" would be better if the string of sausages and the greasy step had not been left out. In "Pan in Pimlico" a young man rescues a young woman from insult in a bar, but the course of true love does not run smooth until a faun reminds the couple that they figured in a similar story in the glorious days of King Arthur. After that, all is well. "St. Simeon Stylites" is an amusing, quite undramatic sketch, during which a very sensible saint receives several visitors upon his skyey abode, and some good things are said. The language and the emotions are perfectly modern; nowhere does the dialogue insult the intelligence, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Smith will write something more in this admirably unsentimental vein.

Miss John's "The Prince" is the only one of all these plays written from a passionate interest in human character, being virtually an "apologetic" life of Queen Elizabeth. But if the most rich in promising material, it is much too disjointed to make a good play. There is no movement, no one scene grows logically or emotionally out of another; episode succeeds episode as though the piece had been written for a pageant, with the result that the preface giving a short analysis of Elizabeth's character as conceived by Miss John is far more interesting than the play. One wishes Miss John had written a novel, or better still, a study, for in the latter case she would not have been tempted to use irritatingly archaic forms of speech.

BONAMY DOBRÉE.

#### ALL ABOUT THE FILMS.

**Moving Pictures: How they are Made and Worked.** By F. A. TALBOT. (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.)

Mr. TALBOT's book is a very complete and thorough study of the Cinematograph in all its aspects. It is extremely readable for the amateur, who can, if he is bored, easily skip the purely technical passages. Yet even these are made interesting and almost romantic by Mr. Talbot, whose style, otherwise inclined at times to the florid journalese, is at its best when he is writing of the workings of a machine. Also he describes technicalities mainly from the point of view of

historical development, and has taken a great deal of trouble in collecting statistics. It is amusing—if, to some, horrifying—to be told that the annual gross receipts of picture-houses in the United States alone now exceed £100,000,000, or that some 80,000 miles of film are every day run through the projectors of the world.

Mr. Talbot devotes the first few chapters of his book to the history and development of the cinema. He describes the difficulties which were experienced, the most serious being that of finding a suitable material for the film itself, until the adoption of celluloid, which had been invented a few years before. Another great obstacle was the difficulty of devising a satisfactory "projector," in order that films might be shown to large audiences. The original "Kinetoscope" invented by Edison was simply a glorified peep-show which could only be seen by one person at a time, but this was eventually elaborated and replaced by the invention of an Englishman, Robert Paul, which enabled him to give the first cinematograph displays at Olympia and the Alhambra in 1896. Mr. Talbot goes on to describe the construction of this projector, which was the prototype of those in use to-day: he explains also the workings of the camera, the development and printing of films, the equipment of a picture theatre, and other minor technical processes of cinematography.

For the average reader, however, the second part of the book is probably more interesting. In this are discussed the uses to which the cinema can be put, and the methods of film production, and there is a large section on "trick" pictures. Many people do not realize how useful has been the invention of the cinematograph camera quite apart from its entertainment value. It is now widely used in all branches of scientific research: moving pictures are taken not only of birds, animals, fishes, and plants, but of minute insects, microbes, and disease organisms. Such films, besides being used for research, have great educational value, and this is a fact which is being gradually recognized in this country. In America the Government has given more encouragement to such films than have the British authorities, who still seem to look upon them as a rather dangerous form of "learning without tears": such films are shown in schools in America, and have been taken up by industrial and technical organizations, social institutions, and even churches. The Department of Agriculture has a special branch for producing and distributing films which deal both instructively and entertainingly with various phases of agricultural methods and improvements.

Mr. Talbot might with advantage have given more space to describing the production of films and the organization of film studios, and rather less to "trick" pictures. The latter, as such, seem of recent years to have lost the popular favour, though in ordinary production, of course, there is much more trick-work than the average picturegoer imagines. The five chapters on trick pictures also are illustrated very largely from films which have been out of date these ten years.

The only aspect of the cinema on which Mr. Talbot does not touch at all is the aesthetic. Nobody, I think, has yet ventured to deal fully with this rather dangerous question, though in the industry it has been a foregone conclusion that the cinema is an "art," and there has been a good deal of windy eloquence on the subject. A considerable flutter was caused recently in some of the trade journals by the declaration of one of the more intelligent of the American producers that film-making was purely a commercial affair and had nothing to do with art. Perhaps, in the still comparatively undeveloped state of the trade, the time is not yet ripe for a work on the aesthetics of the movies, but it is from Germany rather than America, for all reasons, that it must be expected to come.

ANGUS DAVIDSON.

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great man. China is a touchstone of greatness—perhaps the most exacting. The Chinese are an unreceptive people, and it must be admitted that they have more reason for their suspicion of foreigners than most Asiatic races. To overcome these anti-foreign prejudices implies a certain magnanimity and reasonableness, qualities which the type of man whose zeal is canalized into sectarian or theological propaganda does not usually possess. Gordon was a great man, tested by the severe Chinese standard; Timothy Richard was another. Both in their way were saints for whom mountains were removed by faith. In the light of Gordon's history we can quite believe in Richard's extraordinary influence. And his was the more balanced mind. If there is such a thing as spiritual horse-sense, Richard possessed it. He had "the large view together with the method of attainment." The missionaries who demanded payment in dollars for the lives of their brothers massacred in the Shansi outbreak were of another school. Richard was a seer in the double sense of the word, a mystic and a clear-sighted, practical visionary. He foresaw the Boxer trouble, but his warnings were unheeded. One of his dreams that came true was the Shansi University. And here the statesman came in. The massacre of the missionaries had to be expiated in some way, and it was he who, when his assistance was enlisted by the plenipotentiaries, discovered a way of settlement, not in indemnities or decapitations, but in the founding of a University. This most Christian solution of the problem of reprisals was characteristic. The whole of the fine imposed upon the province, about £100,000, was devoted to an institution for the development of its ablest young men. This was a diplomatic triumph, but it was only the beginning. For Shansi, needless to say, was not grateful. But for the gentle, rock-like strength and reasonableness with which Richard wore down intrigue and opposition, the University would have been converted into an anti-religious institution.

There never was any question of Christian theology being formally taught. The basis of Richard's influence was humanitarian, not dogmatic. His devoted work in famine relief, of which he was the pioneer, was known all over China. Early in his missionary career he was driven to a consideration of "the duty of making truth its own witness, rather than relying on 'authority' not admitted by his auditors." The hopelessness of the didactic method was brought home to him after a visit to a theological college in the Muhammadan centre of Ch'ing-chou-fu. "For every prophecy I could quote," he recorded, "they could match it with a similar one of their own, and for every miracle I could mention they could produce a hundred." The worst persecutions he suffered were from his own Church. His crime was the discovery of a certain morality in the native religions, and worse, the public acknowledgment of it. The last straw was a prayer he offered for "God's blessing on the Roman Catholic Church and all that it taught of God's truth." The young bigots of his community refused to work with him after that. They would pray for him, but not with him. Thus he was driven from Shansi, to return there sixteen years later as the founder and Chancellor of the University. Professor Soothill was a co-worker with Richard. Indeed, in experience, outlook, and profound knowledge of, and sympathy with, the Chinese, he and the subject of his biography are analogues. But Professor Soothill's book is something more than a biography. Apart from the human interest—and we are absorbed in Richard's adventures, physical and spiritual—there is the abstract theme implicit throughout, that of the ideal relations of Europeans and Chinese in general, and missionaries and Chinese in particular. And of this no one could speak with equal authority or a nicer understanding.

Mr. Song Ong Siang modestly disclaims originality for his "One Hundred Years of the Chinese in Singapore." It is not a history, he explains, but a compilation. Singapore has recently celebrated its centenary, and the editors of its secular archives, lately published in two volumes ("One Hundred Years of Singapore"), invited Mr. Song Ong Siang to contribute a chapter on his community. This sumptuous and weighty tome, which is twice the size of a normal volume, is the result. It might have been bigger, but Mr. Song Ong Siang complains of lack of records or material "apart from information furnished by the newspapers as to the activities, doings, events, and incidents of or concerning the Chinese community as a whole, or the individual members thereof." The reader will detect the lawyer in this

passage, which we quote as an example of Mr. Song Ong Siang's conscientious exhaustiveness. It is obvious that a chapter would have been ridiculously inadequate. Instead, we have a compilation more in the nature of a directory, social, political, agricultural, industrial, commercial, economic, educational, and religious, covering the last hundred years. Nothing is omitted, from the arrival of the first junk from Amoy to a list of the Chinese exhibitors and their exhibits at the last dog show. There is no attempt at a picture or survey, merely unrelated facts; or rather, the relation is chronological only.

Not being a specialist on the history of the Chinese of the Straits Settlements, I must confess to a little alarm at the appearance of this formidable-looking tome, with its 600 pages and its 180 illustrations, a purely communal record. But it is a book which, having once dipped into, one is not likely to forget; for one reason, because it illustrates so monumentally the patience that may be brought to bear on a compilation, a perspective in altogether unfamiliar dimensions. Also—and I suppose this is true of any human record—entertainment may be extracted from it by a little judicious delving with the aid of the index. One learns, for instance, that Low Kway Soo, an artist of the community, regrets "that he was born in a generation when his conceptions of art cannot be freely and fully displayed, as his customers cannot appreciate them, but he does not blame the present generation for its lack of appreciation of art, since there is no school or any other means of training our people of this generation to be art connoisseurs. Against his will and to please his customers, he has to produce pictures which do not satisfy his artistic soul, but which are marketable." After this one feels quite homely.

EDMUND CANDLER.

## NOVELS IN BRIEF

*Lewis et Irène.* Roman par PAUL MORAND. (Paris: Grasset. 6 75fr.)

The first novel by M. Morand is a psychological study of a man and a woman, different in character, nature, and race, but of the same profession, extremely modern, but a trifle naïve in its inversion of the ordinary romantic conventions. When Lewis tramps into the artistic salon of Madame Magnac as an "English sportsman," one fears that M. Morand accepts the Continental notion of "sport," but this fear quickly disperses, for, as readers of his short stories are aware, he knows his England. In fact, he sends Lewis to England, by aeroplane, quite unnecessarily, characteristically studying Freud's Essays on Sexuality between cloud and sea. Lewis, a dilettante in financial speculation and love, meets, in Sicily—a brilliant coloured background of sulphur mines and prospecting—the Greek Irène, an acute feminine financier. How they marry and are separated by the claims of the rival French and Greek syndicates might be a moral theme for Mr. A. M. Hutchinson, but M. Morand cleverly interweaves the fortunes of the business houses as the lovers' emotions wane. The style is subtle, rapid, ironic.

\* \* \*

*The Burden.* By JEFFERY E. JEFFERY. (Parsons. 7s. 6d.)

"The Burden" is the story of a young man—an architect—who elopes with a young woman slightly his superior in social status. They have four months of bliss before she is terribly injured in a motor accident, and paralyzed for life from the waist down. All this is preliminary. Now comes the kernel of the book—how they deal with the tragic situation. We all know how they would have dealt with it in the old unenlightened days. They would have done their best, put a good face on it; if there were defections on either side, shut their eyes to them—one eye, at any rate—kept their mouths shut—least said soonest mended.

But psycho-analysis has taught Mr. Jeffery that that is not the right way to deal with it. And Mr. Jeffery has spent the rest of his book showing us how Alan and Christine do, in fact, deal with it, in the up-to-date manner. It is rather painful and very tedious reading. The book reeks with sentiment; the characters are unreal. When Christine first meets Alan at a dinner party, she falls in love with him as he describes his schemes for saving England by building a garden suburb. "She noticed his hands—large, but shapely

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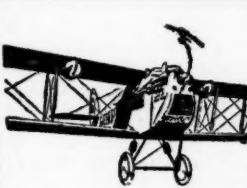
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and competent; the sort of hands, she thought, which would be able to *manipulate a hammer gently, or a pencil boldly.*" The italics are ours. An old-fashioned and irritable critic might be excused for wishing to use his pencil still more boldly on the subject of the psycho-analytical novel, and his hammer none too gently on the head of its perpetrators.

\* \* \*

**Lummox.** By FANNIE HURST. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

Miss Fannie Hurst has written a very moving book. It describes the soul of an artist confined in the inarticulate person of a Swedish servant-girl in New York. Born of a "dead mother" and "no particular father," brought up in a drunken, verminous sailors' lodging-house in the slums of New York Harbour, working sixteen hours a day as domestic drudge in the houses of the well-to-do, she yet retains within her the "lovely, bosky, dell-like secrets of life." She has a baby, only to have to relinquish it when a fortnight old, and go back to her drudgery, the one natural outlet for her creative energy dammed up at the source. Poor, pent-up, placid Bertha, bearing a light within her which pierces the dark secrets of the many households for whom she cooks and scrubs, but bringing no balm of healing to herself! The reader becomes so absorbed in her character that he heaves a sigh of relief to be able to leave her at the end of the book in charge of five motherless urchins and their father, on whom she can pour all the wealth of her starved emotions. Miss Hurst's style is peculiar. She gets a vivid effect by piling up sentence upon sentence of sharp, scorching description. If it seems sometimes to overreach itself, to descend from the sublime to the ridiculous, to worry and torture the reader's imagination like a cat worrying a mouse, yet it may be that Miss Hurst visualizes all her readers as resembling the succession of mistresses who contributed so much to the misery of Bertha's life, and no doubt the more *they* are worried and tortured by such writing as Miss Hurst's, the better.

**BOOKS IN BRIEF**

**The Life and Work of Joanna Baillie.** By MARGARET S. CARHART. (Yale University Press; London: Milford. 8s. 6d.)

Miss Carhart's book is one of those familiar American studies in which obscure English writers are pinned firmly to the table in a state of excusable inanition for the edification of a crowd of students. When the professor wants to say that Miss Baillie was a cheerful, simple woman, she says: "The realization that she possessed a deep serenity, based upon integrity of life and absence of conceit, is expressed by Lucy Aikin, George Ticknor, Mrs. Channing, William Ellery Channing, and many others." That may pass, since facts are always valid. But fiction—literary criticism, that is to say—requires more salt than Miss Carhart thinks fit to sprinkle. The statement that Miss Baillie is the greatest Scotch dramatist, but that her dramatic instinct is not so fine as Shakespeare's, keeps the reader at an arm's length from the lady. These cavils are ungracious, however, for the book is stuffed with learning, full of facts, and Miss Carhart is not the first person to make a live robin redbreast into a stuffed eagle at the command of a University Press.

\* \* \*

**The Journal of Marie Lenéru.** Translated by WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)

To give some idea in a short space of the fascination of this Frenchwoman's diary is not easy. Marie Lenéru was stone deaf and almost blind. She was consumed, like Marie Bashkirtseff, with the desire for fame. She was fastidious, highly intellectual, and endowed with a passion for life. "My formula for happiness is the following: Italy, music, horses, and love." She read Tacitus in Latin, the "Origin of Species" in English, found the Brontës too romantic, and observed that Renan's style gave her the impression "of a voice speaking too quickly." But it is not for her literary opinions only that she is remarkable. Constantly she throws a piercing glance at life from her prison walls; her descriptions of Nature, even in translation, are exquisite; and the spectacle of this highly organized nature beating against her restrictions and coming to terms with her problems is of absorbing interest. She died, having lost her religious faith, but achieved some celebrity, in 1918, at the age of forty-three.

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E. R. COOK,  
Secretary.

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## FINANCE AND INVESTMENT

## THE FRANC AND THE FRENCH BUDGET.

THE extent to which the franc has recovered during the past ten days is remarkable; though there is nothing remarkable about the ease with which the previous fall was checked. The franc had been falling simply because it was expected to go on falling; and it was always possible for the Bank of France to stop the rot, temporarily at all events, by using its gold reserves to support the exchange. This is what it has done at last, preferring the form of pledging part of its gold as the security for foreign credits; and, as was entirely natural, it had not to do much in the way of actually using the credits on the exchange-market before the knowledge that it meant to do so reversed the whole course of the exchange. How far the French authorities have actively promoted the very marked recovery that has since ensued is not clear; but they could easily have checked this violent movement if they had desired to do so; and it would probably have been the wiser course to have aimed at stability near 100 to the £. The events of the past fortnight have done nothing to alter the fact that the rate at which the franc will ultimately settle will be that at which it is found possible to balance the Budget. This might be done by a real effort with the franc at 100; at 120 the task would be easily manageable (for this reason there has never been any solid foundation for the view that the franc must inevitably plunge into chaos after the rouble and the mark); but it is not practical politics at 85, the French attitude towards taxation being what it is, and the prospects of Reparation receipts being what they are. Before Budget equilibrium is reached, the *internal* value of the franc will have to fall a good deal further; and as, at 85, the external value cannot be very far below the internal value, it is almost out of the question that this rate of exchange can be permanently maintained.

In this connection, a very interesting calculation by a "French expert," published in last week's "Economist," deserves attention. He estimates that the aggregate income of the French people was about 35 milliard francs before the war, and is about 140 milliards now. (We should judge that both these figures are decidedly on the low side; but the relation between them, which is what really matters, may be taken as substantially correct.) Budget receipts were 5 milliards in 1913, and 22.6 milliards in 1923. Thus, on the above basis, taxation works out at 14 per cent. of the national income in 1913, and 16 per cent. in 1923. For 1924, the writer observes that "new taxes will have to be imposed," which together with increased yields anticipated, will raise the Budget revenue to 29 milliards, or over 20 per cent. of the national income. Moreover, capital expenditure on Reconstruction is far from complete; so that, to meet the additional interest charges which will accrue, the taxpayer will have to find a further 1½ milliards if the Budget is to be balanced. Thus "one or two years hence the Budget of the Central Government will not be less than 31 or 32 milliards."

The chief impression that these figures leave is the very slight extent to which taxation as measured in real income has as yet been increased in France. The increase from 14 per cent. of the national income pre-war to about 16 per cent. in 1923, contrasts with an increase in Great Britain of from roughly 8 per cent. to 20 per cent. The calculation serves, indeed, to bring out clearly the real gravity of the French financial problem. When we think in terms of milliards, it is easy to fall under the delusion that the back of the problem has been already broken. The Budget revenue has already been increased from 5 milliards to 22.6 milliards; it seems a comparatively minor matter to raise it further to 32. But when we think in terms of real income—and it is that that matters—it becomes apparent that the problem (if the present internal value of the franc is to be maintained)

is that of raising taxation from 14 per cent. to 23 per cent. of the national income, and that less than a quarter of this task has as yet been accomplished.

One of the most striking events in the business world this week was the sharp fall in the prices of non-ferrous metals, particularly tin. This is explained as an indirect consequence of the recovery of the franc. The initial impetus to the downward movement emanated from German sources; and it is supposed that German operators were selling because they had been speculating heavily on the fall of the franc, and were forced to realize their metal holdings in order to obtain the francs they needed. Whether this explanation is adequate or not, it is certainly one of the many unsatisfactory results of restrictions on exchange dealings that they serve not so much to prevent exchange speculation as to make it seek the medium of the commodity markets, which thus become subject to disturbances for essentially irrelevant reasons.

A very interesting review of the underlying factors in the non-ferrous metal position was given by Mr. C. V. Sale at the annual meeting of the British Metal Corporation last week. Mr. Sale observed that world production and consumption had now regained their pre-war volume, giving the following figures for the past three years:—

## WORLD PRODUCTION.

(Average Production, 1911-13 = 100).

	1921.	1922.	1923.
Copper	57	91	123
Lead	74	83	101
Tin	85	102	100
Spelter	46	73	100

## WORLD CONSUMPTION.

(Average Consumption, 1911-13 = 100).

	1921.	1922.	1923.
Copper	59	96	115
Lead	70	90	101
Tin	66	104	109
Spelter	47	79	95

But he pointed out that these aggregate figures conceal a striking contrast between conditions in the United States and in the remainder of the world. As compared with 1911-13, "the United States consumed during the last twelve months 72 per cent. more copper, 33 per cent. more lead, 35 per cent. more spelter, and 46 per cent. more tin. During the same period all other countries together consumed 13 per cent. less copper, 15 per cent. less lead, 21 per cent. less spelter, and 14 per cent. less tin."

L. D. W. writes: Mr. John Knewstub, secretary and managing director of Charles Chenil & Co., Ltd., has submitted a few observations on the paragraph relating to the prospectus of that company which appeared under "Finance and Investment" three weeks ago. Mr. Knewstub stresses some points which he says were ignored in the article in question, and emphasizes the undoubted merit of the company's main object, namely "the betterment of existing conditions for artists." In case anyone should have gained the impression that the comment in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM was antagonistic to Mr. Knewstub's proposition, it is only fair to say that far from that being the case, it seems just the sort of co-operative effort which deserves to succeed. The fact that Mr. Knewstub has devoted so much of his time and labour to establishing the reputation of the business (some twenty years of his life have been so spent) makes it much pleasanter to wish it God-speed than to pick out points about the deferred shares and so on—which might, in the eye of the originator of the company, appear to be presented rather harshly. There was no intention of that kind. From the point of view of the general public, founders' shares and the balance of voting power are points of importance, which is why they came in for particular comment. But there is nothing more in it than that.

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